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SOCIAL AMELIORATION.

The Contrast Between Doing Good and Doing Right.

THE cause of social amelioration has votaries without number who are prepared to go almost any length in the advocacy of ineffectual remedies for social disorders, yet halt at the effectual; feeling that such must injuriously affect and antagonize those who, for want of a better name, are called the ruling classes. Count Tolstoi describes himself as one sitting on the shoulders of the worker and crushing him to the earth, willing to give him sympathy, advice, encouragement and charity, and to help him in every possible way except by getting off him. Of those who regard themselves as neutral in the social struggle, there are many who are willing to encourage, strengthen and materially help that worker, but few indeed willing to incur the odium of an effort toward forcing the Count to dismount. Between the many and the few there is all the difference between doing good and doing right, lines of effort as divergent as the polls in essence and in results. These divergent courses may be illustrated by the life work of Arnold Toynbee, whose name is perpetuated by the University Settlement, of Toynbee Hall, the subject of an interesting article by Mr. J. S. McLean in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for April. Arnold Toynbee's name will long be honoured for the "good" he has done, and his early death brought to a close a life of wonderful activity, spent in ef-

forts for the amelioration of the condition of London's poor. He lived, as far as possible, among the poorest classes, and became one of them in sympathy. His was the vital force of a movement, continued after his death, which resulted in establishing the university settlement bearing his name in the Whitechapel district—which gave the original impetus to the good work still carried on by enthusiastic and self-sacrificing workers there, and taken up in Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The workers in Toynbee Hall, the pioneer university settlement, see the necessity of avoiding everything repellant, of attracting by sympathy and kindly interest those whom they desire to instruct and elevate. To that end the formally religious features of the work are not brought forward obtrusively, and education is given the broadest possible scope. As Mr. McLean points out: "Problems of the day, co-operation, trade-unionism, relations of employers and employed, are studied with never-failing interest." That is cause for satisfaction, marking a decided advance during the past quarter century. But how many of the real problems of social life, the problems with which Arnold Toynbee found social science struggling, are discussed at Toynbee Hall? Would it not be a reflection on that name, naturally revered by every

enthusiastic educationalist there, to discuss these real problems in a way calculated to lead to practical results?

Arnold Toynbee found the old Ricardo school assailed by the Socialists on the one hand and the extreme individualists on the other. The Ricardo school, so long the sheet anchor of existing conditions in Britain, was the logical development of the doctrine of freedom of contract. It set forth the principles of production, exchange and distribution with mathematical precision. It "proved" that with freedom to produce, and to exchange products, to sell labour and all things saleable, every useful member of the community would obtain the exact value of the service he rendered. This had been assailed by Karl Marx, the Moses of the Socialists. But it withstood alike his eloquent declamations about children in silk factories slaughtered for their hands like the buffalo on the western prairie slaughtered for their hides, and his finely-spun philosophy on value in use and value in exchange. Karl Marx took England as his example, for in England alone was commercial freedom established, and showed by reports of Parliamentary commissions and other evidence that freedom of contract did not give producers the value of their services to the community nor a reasonable approach to it. But he could not puncture the crushing logic of the Ricardo school. Though the economists were like the lamplighter who thought there was something the matter with the moon when he had the wrong almanac, they adhered to their books and their unassailable philosophy.

The attack on the other side was more than the Ricardo school could stand. Henry George, the logician of the individualists, accepted the basis of Ricardo's philosophy without reserve, and accepted also the damning evidence cited by Karl Marx. The utter failure of results he attributed to the fact that the essential condition—freedom of contract—had no existence. He argued, with logic as irresistible as that of the Ricardo school, that there

could be no such thing as freedom of contract unless all men were granted equal right of access to the planet on which they were sailing through space. The claim that every agreement to sell labour under the existing land system was made under duress; that the freedom necessary to secure a fair return did not exist, was supported by a chain of reasoning in which no writer could find a false link. He denied the claim of Marx that freedom of contract had failed to give labour any approach to a fair reward, admitted the failure, as every man must who opens his eyes, and attributed it to the *absence* of freedom of contract. Herbert Spencer had taken the ground years before that, as a question of abstract justice, all men had equal right of access to the earth's surface. But Henry George not only contended that the question was one of vital economic importance: he devised a practical scheme by which the principle could be applied with the minimum of disturbance to existing conditions. His scheme was not the nationalization of land, but the nationalization of economic rent in lieu of all existing taxation. That, he contended, would give the commercial advantages of individual ownership, with the social and ethical advantages of ownership in common. Arnold Toynbee, in his "Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century," alludes to "Capital," by Karl Marx, and "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, as the two greatest menaces to existing social conditions. They attacked the school of economics on which existing commercial and industrial laws were founded, or intended to be founded, each with facts, theories and a new scheme, and the conclusion of one or the other was irresistible.

Admirers of Arnold Toynbee's charity and self-sacrifice cannot be satisfied with his course in this conflict of schools. He did not face the situation and follow the philosophy which would have led him into conflict with the existing order of things—with the ruling classes. He did not cast in his lot with those who would force the

Count to dismount on one side or the other. He cut loose from the entire school of deductive economics, and began to deny the recognized rules of human conduct on which it was founded. The economic law, as stated by Senior, that "man will acquire wealth with the least possible sacrifice," was questioned by Toynbee, and some apparent exceptions were urged as grounds for rejecting all reasoning founded on it. Although the foundation of civil law and the guide of business, it was regarded as unsafe as a basis of economic reasoning. He declared that the "economic man," actuated entirely by the commercial spirit, did not exist (although that personage must have had a controlling influence on many directorates). In thus denying the basis of human conduct, Arnold Toynbee's cleverness unfortunately devised a means of escape from the dilemma of the economists. He founded the inductive school, which has since wasted the time of economic students in work which at best can serve no better purpose than to keep their intellects from idleness. To explain the phenomena of poverty, the founder of the new school would take the case of a poor man, count the price of every potato, cabbage and turnip consumed by himself and family during a specified time, investigate his rent and clothing bill, even extending the enquiry to the wear and tear on his knife and fork. Then he would take the wage bill and strike a balance as accurate as Mr. Micawber's philosophy on domestic finance. He would explain the matter, and, of course, the explanation of phenomena is the true province of science. But he would reach his explanations by a process which would effectually shut out all sight of real problems, all questioning of the why and the wherefore. As a result of Arnold Toynbee's influence contributions to economic science since his time have been pitifully industrious and puerile to the borders of the ridiculous. Through his influence minds which might be working for the real elevation of the class represented by

those who dwell in squalor around Toynbee Hall are investigating the changes in the price of sugar, cheese and snuff through past decades.

The method of the English economists had formerly been deductive—based on recognized principles of human conduct developing through the natural laws of production, exchange, distribution and consumption of wealth. Following and demonstrating general principles throughout the complex manifestations of the economic world was the established method, not as now, the boring into details of local price and wage fluctuations for the sake of boring. The method of the school best exemplified by Ricardo was the tracing of general principles underlying economic development and the adoption of them as guides in framing the commercial, fiscal and industrial laws of the nation. In investigating the effects of a protective tariff economists did not, as now, assay the utterly impossible task of tracing an impost on some commodity, wheat for example, through the custom house to the grain storehouse and its large family of economic relatives, from the storehouse to the vessel or other means of conveyance, bringing another family into the calculations, then on to the local dealer, the miller and grocer, bringing in a swarm of economic relatives with each stage of advancement. They sought the general principles governing all economic production, exchange and distribution, that these might be applied (if a secondary desire beyond the province of science were admissible) to the fiscal issues before the nation.

"The produce of the Earth," says Ricardo, "all that is derived from its surface by the united application of labour, machinery and capital is divided among three classes of the community, namely, the proprietor of the land, the owner of the stock or capital necessary for its cultivation, and the labourers by whose industry it is cultivated. . . . To determine the laws which regulate this distribution is the principle problem of Poli-

itical Economy." In the opening chapters of his chief work he sets out to prove that the value of a commodity, that is, the quantity of any other commodity for which it would exchange, depended on the relative quantity of labour necessary for its production, and not on the greater or less compensation paid for the labour. In this and subsequent chapters on value he discussed the influence and showed the working of the same law in labour of different qualities and in labour applied indirectly on the tools, buildings and other elements of production. He dealt also with the exceptions, showing them to be exceptions—not as is popular now, magnifying them into refutations of the general law. This subject led naturally to a consideration of the much-desired but never obtained standard of value. The most superficial understanding of the laws enunciated by Ricardo would have saved the United States from an absurd agitation and its resultant destructive panic. Had the men drifting from the colleges and universities to the newspapers and magazines been drilled in the abandoned and even despised *doctrinaire* school and not turned to probe after the impossible and the worthless—to compile endless tables of alleged statistics, the public mind would have been too clear to have been befogged by the arguments for free coinage at fiat value on private account. Alterations in prices when due to changes in the value of the circulating medium are clearly distinguished by Ricardo from alterations in the relative value of the different commodities which money purchases. In the recent American Presidential campaign we heard one party declaring that the fall in wheat was due to the demonetization of silver. There was the fall in silver and the fall in wheat! That one caused the other was as clear to the inductive philosophers as that Tenterden steeple caused Goodwin Sands. Another party declared that the fall in silver contemporaneous with the fall in wheat was merely a coincidence. But the argu-

ments of this party were so weakened by attempts at minute statistical examination and the abandonment of the methods of the *doctrinaire* school that they had but little effect. In enunciating the law of rent Ricardo cleared away the confusion of thoughts so manifest in the works of earlier economists, and his expositions have helped many later writers to a clearer understanding of the basic principles of political economy. The law that the rent of land is the difference between the product of labour and capital economically applied to it and the product of the same amount of labour and capital applied to the best land obtainable for nothing, has been accepted consciously or unconsciously by all subsequent deductive economists. It is still called Ricardo's law, and, although its author seems to have confined his thoughts to agricultural land, it is quite as true in its application to the business and residential blocks of cities. This law has been accepted by Henry George as unassailable. But that advocate of rent nationalization, while accepting the law, has made a most unsettling attack on the conclusions of its discoverer. Ricardo showed that an increase in agricultural rent was the effect and not the cause of the increase in the price of corn; that high rent was a symptom but never a cause of wealth. "When land is most abundant," says Ricardo, "when most productive and most fertile, it yields no rent; and it is only when its powers decay, and less is yielded in return for labour, that a share of the original produce of the most fertile portions is set apart for rent." His chapters on rent have still a mission to serve in clearing away the confusion inherited from earlier writers, revived by the modern schools and distressingly prevalent in current conversation and in the discussions of legislative bodies. In dealing with foreign trade Ricardo shows the identity of principle in all trade, whether foreign or domestic, its individualistic as contrasted with a supposed national character, and its function in increasing the real pro-

ducts of labour. He shows that by increasing the general mass of productions foreign trade diffuses general benefits and improves the standard of living. The elaboration of this principle leads up to a most important desertation on export bounties and important duties. England, exporting cloth to Portugal in exchange for wine, is shown to give the people of each country more cloth and more wine for their labor than could be obtained without the exchange.

Ricardo's chapters on export bounties and the restriction of imports are models of clearness and simplicity. The abolition of the corn laws can be traced to his elucidation of the underlying principles and practical results of these fiscal experiments. Fancy the writings of any modern economist of the inductive school leading to the abolition of corn laws or any other fiscal abuse! The difference between the position of the land-owner and the manufacturer, owing to the condition of England as a grain-importing country, is demonstrated by Ricardo with a clearness that might be imitated profitably in present-day tariff controversies. "Country gentlemen, then," he says, after showing the secondary results of the protection system, "have not only a temporary but a permanent interest in prohibitions of the importation of corn and in bounties on its exportation; but manufacturers have no permanent interest in establishing high duties on the importation and bounties on the exportation of commodities; their interest is wholly temporary. The surplus of manufactured goods sold abroad, and ultimately regulating prices at home, and the balance of the corn supply, necessarily imported, made an economic contrast which the writer clearly understood. Adam Smith had already pointed out the errors of the mercantile school, a philosophy so called because it regarded the nation as a trading concern, buying and selling abroad. It sought, by increasing "sales" or exports and restricting "purchases" or imports, to create a national profit or "favourable

balance of trade." Its aim was to raise the price of commodities in the home market by prohibiting foreign competition. By forcing capital into channels where it would not otherwise flow it diminished the whole amount of commodities produced. The increase obtained in prices was not sustained by a natural scarcity, but by difficulty of production, and consequently, though the sellers secured a higher price, they did not obtain greater profits.

This line of argument, pursued by Adam Smith, did not take into account the inevitable burden of higher prices to consumers. It was, in consequence, quoted by "country gentlemen" as an authority for imposing duties on the importation of foreign corn. "Because," says Ricardo in reply, "the cost of production and, therefore, the price of various manufactured commodities, are raised to the consumer by one error in legislation, the country has been called upon, on the plea of justice, quietly to submit to fresh exactions." It scarcely sounds like a quotation from a work published when this century was in its 'teens. Its newness shows how poorly the lesson has been learned. Because the people were paying an additional price for linen, muslin and cotton they were asked to pay an additional price for corn. Because they had prevented the greatest amount of production from being obtained in manufactured articles, they were asked to further punish themselves by diminishing their returns in produce. Britain is not in need of a new Ricardo at the present time, but the common expression of economic thought calls for a Ricardo revival. When this clear exposition of the principle of protection was given to the public it must have been evident to all thinkers that the corn laws were doomed; that their life was a question of time. But it may be interesting to speculate on the possible course of economic development had a Toynbee come forth then to question the basis of Ricardo's reasoning and divert investigating minds to other methods. The founder of Toynbee Hall saw the

current logic which served as the defence of existing conditions assailed by Karl Marx on the one hand and Henry George on the other. He opened up an avenue of escape by denying the basis of that logic. "What is this deductive method," asks Toynbee, "which Ricardo employed? It consists of reasoning from one or two extremely simple propositions down to a series of new laws. He always employed this method, taking as his great postulate that all men will on all occasions follow their own interests. The defect of the assumption lies in its too great simplicity as a theory of human nature. Men do not always know their own interests. Bagehot points out that the £10 householders who were enfranchised by the Reform Bill were, after 1832, the most heavily taxed class in the community, though the remedy was in their own hands; because they were ignorant and apathetic. And even when men know their interests they will not always follow them, etc." Had Arnold Toynbee arrived on the scene when Ricardo removed the last support from the corn laws the same attack on the deductive method would have been in order. The new apostle of inductive investigation would have pointed to farmers who did not exact on all occasions the full price permitted by the import tax. He would have discovered territorial landlords who did not demand from the farmers the full rent permitted by the high price of corn, and employers who did not take advantage of the general stagnation to pay wages in accordance with the scramble for employment. He would have found, in short, men who did not know their own interests, or knowing, did not follow them. Thus would the attack on the corn laws have been dismissed. The explanation of the "little loaf," or the no loaf in many cases, would have been sought by purely inductive methods. Tabulated statements of the weekly supplies of a farm labourer, his wife and children, at differ-

ent economic epochs would have confronted the assailants of the tax on corn, and the recitation of "half a pound of candles, three pence, one pound of rice, four pence," would have exploded all their theories. The proportion of taxation in the five shillings and eight pence half-penny paid for eight quarter loaves would have been figured out to many places of decimals, and no doubt to the conclusion that the corn laws had no bearing on the case. Had Arnold Toynbee arrived three or four decades earlier economists would then have been turned to the fruitless, endless quest for unascertainable facts, and the nation would have been left till now entangled in the corn laws; for it would be utterly impossible by his methods to prove or even detect the existence of a legalized abuse. While his methods defend nothing, they give absolute safety to everything existing. It is fortunate they were not introduced till after the successful struggle against the corn laws, and it would have been still more fortunate had their introduction been postponed indefinitely. Arnold Toynbee came when the school of thought, which had won freedom of commerce, was in a dilemma between the extreme socialists and individualists. The right to buy and sell had been won but there was a broader demand for the right of access to the earth's surface—the right to labour and enjoy the fruit thereof. It is to be regretted that he did not squarely face the issue raised or let it alone. In this regret at his course in a crisis in economic history there is no accusation, no thought of intellectual dishonesty. He saw existing society menaced on two sides and instinctively took a stand in its defence. Toynbee Hall, elevating as its influence must be, does not compensate for the avenue of escape opened by its founder from problems which should be squarely faced by all who presume to teach or understand the science of economics.

S. T. Wood

NEWFOUNDLAND AND CANADA.*

BY THE PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

TO some inland Canadians, with little appreciation of the importance of the maritime element in a nation or of the sea as an element in determining the prices of their produce, the title of this paper may sound like the minister's prayer for the two islets which formed his parish;—"God bless the muckle and the lesser Cumraes and the adjaacent islands of Great Breeton and Ireland!" To them, it is a matter of indifference whether Newfoundland unites with Canada or remains out in the cold. The importance attached to the great island in the wars of last century and in the treaties made at their close, and in the only war of this century between Britain and the United States, might open their eyes. In 1812 "in St. John's alone there were three sail of the line, and twenty-one frigates, with thirty-seven sloops, brigs and schooners of war. Mr. Ewen Stabb told of thirty American prizes being brought into the harbour. I have heard a gentleman describe his walking across from Bennett's to Alsop's (from the north to the south side of the harbour) on American prizes chained together." So writes Judge Prowse. "In September, 1815, licenses were granted to seventeen vessels from St. John's to proceed to the States for provisions and live stock; out of these, eleven were American prizes." Its value in peace has been, and is yet, recognized by Great Britain, Portugal, Spain, France and the United States. The Portuguese claimed it on the plea of prior discovery. Gaspar Cortereal came to it, in 1501, with a charter from the King of Portugal to possess the land, and for many years after he was lost on the Labrador coast his relatives held the hereditary title of Gov-

ernor of Terra Nova. For information regarding the claims of Portugal, the paper of the late Rev. Dr. George Patterson, published in the eighth volume of the Transactions of our Royal Society, entitled "A Lost Chapter in American History," should be consulted. Spain had still stronger claims than Portugal, and at a date so modern as 1761 we find the French standing in with Spain. They demanded, during the negotiations for peace which were then being carried on, that the Spaniards as well as themselves should have fishing rights on the coast. The name of the western terminus of the trans-insular railway just completed—Port-aux-Basques—informs us where their headquarters were. But, just at that time, Britain had in Pitt a statesman at the helm; and he declared that he would not consent to the demand, even if the Spaniards captured the Tower of London. Unfortunately he had to resign, and his contemptible successor—Bute—gave rights to France which have been a source of trouble to Newfoundland down to the present day. The commercial world of Britain protested against Bute's concessions. The Common Council of London, representing the whole mercantile interest of the kingdom, transmitted to the House of Commons peremptory instructions to the City members. The Newfoundland fishery, they said, "was worth more than all Canada." They knew that the fishery was a source of wealth to their enemy and the chief nursery for her seamen; so, on national as well as commercial grounds, they opposed the concessions, but in vain. The French fishery on half the coast of Newfoundland, and it the most valu-

* A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial and Foreign Records, by D. W. Prowse, Q.C., Judge of the Central District Court of Newfoundland. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Second Edition, London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1896.

able half, is becoming of less value year by year, for their business is becoming less as the catch of shore fish lessens; but they still cling to the rights conferred by treaties, and try to fight the logic of events by means of bounties; not from sentiment alone, as is sometimes supposed, but with the idea of having a reserve for their navy in the hardy fellows who fish along the coast and on the Great Bank.

As to the value attached by the United States to Newfoundland, we have recent proof in the Bond-Blaine convention, negatived by Britain, on the demand of Canada, even after Lord Knutsford had given permission to the Colony to enter on independent negotiations. Under it, Mr. Blaine gave to Newfoundlanders the right, which he had steadily refused to Canadians, of sending in their fish free of duty to the vast United States market, and we may be sure that Newfoundland was able to offer him a good equivalent; for, as Mr. Chamberlain has recently discovered, our neighbours are close, not to say hard, bargainers.

Surely Canadians ought not to be blind to a value which is recognized by all the rest of the world; but some of us are blind. In the opinions of the Press on Judge Prowse's History, cited in the second edition, I find a negative proof of our blindness. No Canadian organ is cited, except the *Week*, whereas all the great British and United States papers reviewed it generously.

When in Halifax this summer I had another proof of our indifference. That city has had intimate commercial relations with Newfoundland for a long time, but I could not find in any of the bookstores a copy of Judge Prowse's History, or of the Rev. Dr. Moses Harvey's Hand-book, or his charming Jubilee sketch of the Colony, or any one of his monographs. The only thing about Newfoundland which many of my Ontario friends seem to know is one which reminds me of Artemus Ward's saying, that "it is wonderful how many things people know that ain't so;" for they tell me, as a fact, the knowledge of

which proves them not wholly ignorant, that Newfoundland will not enter Confederation; and one lady, when I shook my head, assured me that so it was writ in the school history she had to teach. Great is their astonishment when informed that the Island's representatives, who came to Ottawa in 1895, asking for admission into the Dominion, were refused, on the ground that Canada could not afford to shoulder their debt! Negotiations were not even postponed; the matter was not kept pending, as it might have been, till a Commission had been sent to the Island to discover whether its undeveloped resources would not have warranted our bearing a burden which 200,000 fishermen are able to bear; but negotiations were closed promptly, and the delegates had to take home the message that Canada did not want them. When a young lady actually makes overtures to a comparatively wealthy fellow, who has pretended to be deeply in love with her, and gets a blunt "no," on the ground that her debts would be too heavy a drain on his slender resources, or merely an offer to say "yes," on condition that she can coax a rich mutual friend, called John Bull, to assume a percentage of her liabilities, she is likely to feel a little natural resentment; all the more so, when it is given out that the match was broken off from her fault!

The story of Newfoundland, as told by Judge Prowse, reads almost like a romance. As *The Times* says, he has added a chapter to English History, and he has done his work in the spirit of a scholar who grudges no labour to the elucidation of the most minute point. The Island has been so overlooked by us that it is difficult to understand that three or four centuries ago it stood out prominently before the minds of Englishmen, and that then successive attempts were made at planting a colony on its shores in connection with its exhaustless fisheries. It was in prosecuting these that England first learned lessons in the great art of building up an ocean empire. Long before Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition, which took possession of it in 1583, in the name of

Queen Elizabeth, St. John's was an important free port with a large international trade. Indeed in 1594, Sir Walter Raleigh said that if any harm should happen to the Newfoundland fleet, it would be the greatest calamity that could befall England. But Gilbert's tragic death, and the disasters which befel his ill-organized expedition, have hidden the previous history of Newfoundland from men's minds. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's story is well-known; how he refused to leave the wretched little tub, the *Squirrel*, a pin-nace of ten tons, because someone had questioned his courage on shipboard; how in the storm he cried out to those in the *Hind*, of forty tons, as often as they approached within hearing, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land!" and then the concluding sentences of Hakluyt's narrative: "Suddenly, on Monday night we lost sight of the *Squirrel's* light. Our watch cried out, 'The general was cast away,' which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

How is it that so little has been made of a colony whose foundations were laid so long ago? According to Lord Salisbury, she has been the sport of "historic misfortunes," and the root of these has been the natural wealth of her shores. Her fisheries have drawn to the coast nations and merchant adventurers, and between them she has had a hard time. Hence the origin of the difficulties of the French Treaty shore, and hence, too, the oppressive laws against settlement or the cultivation of the soil. The Devonshire, or west country, merchant adventurers wished to retain the harbours and coves for their own purposes, and settlers were regarded as interlopers. Charles the First gave an exclusive monopoly of the fisheries to these west country adventurers; and, by one of his regulations, the first English skipper who entered any harbour on the coast was appointed Admiral and Judge over all, on sea or land, for the fishing season. Naturally enough, these "Fishing Admirals" took possession of the best fishing-

stations, and, when questions arose between parties, decided every case in their own favour. The poor settlers had no mercy shown them. At a later date, when a fairer judicial system had been established, the Chief Justice, going on a circuit, found in one of the outports that the agent of one of the merchants had sat on the bench and given judgments in favour of his own firm. "How dare you, sir, commit such a perversion of justice?" said the indignant chief. "Well," said the agent, "I must be a pretty sort of a vule of a judge if I would not do justice to myself." This remarkable justice rejoiced in the name of "the Lord High Hadmiral," and he was a fair specimen of his tribe. Though, after a time they were brought under some sort of control, it was long before the struggle between the merchant adventurers and the residents was decided in favour of the latter. Restrictions on building and enclosing and cultivating the ground were not entirely abolished until 1820. Bitterly did the west country merchants resist the idea of Newfoundland having a local legislature, or anything that would serve the convenience of residents. As one of them, Peter Ougeir, said, indignantly, "They are making roads in Newfoundland; next thing they will be having carriages and driving about." Judge Prowse tells a number of good stories, not a few of them, as might be expected, connected with the administration of justice, which show where the shoe pinched most frequently in the life of the people; just as the fact that most of Dean Ramsay's are about "Lairds and Lairds that are drunk," or about ministers and their beadles, shows what the main features of Scottish life were formerly. Some are so characteristic of the times that quotation is irresistible. A merchant, Thomas Tremlett, was appointed Chief Justice. "His firm had been very large Newfoundland merchants; they came to grief through some outside speculation, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, Thomas received a Government office. There never was a more independent,

upright judge than Tremlett; but his decisions gave great offence to his quondam friends in the trade. They made constant complaints against him; finally, they embodied their grievances in a long elaborate petition containing three specific charges of injustice. The Governor, Admiral Duckworth, furnished the old chief with the complaints against him. His reply was unique. I give it in full:

'To the first charge, your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie, to the second charge I say that it is a d—d lie, and to the third charge that it is a d—d infernal lie, and, your Excellency, I have no more to say.

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

THOMAS TREMLETT.'

Tremlett was sustained in his position both by the Governor and the authorities in England. It was, however, considered desirable that a man of more legal knowledge, of more popular manners and unconnected with local interests, should be appointed." Tremlett had the root of the matter in him, whereas many of his predecessors had not. The proceedings in their courts of justice were so outrageous that we can understand the significance of the old English phrase, "justices' justice." They fined right and left, and divided the fines among themselves. Routh says there was not a single instance of a poor man recovering against a merchant before these justices, except one. That one was through the intervention of our sailor King, William IV., then Prince William Henry, a jolly, good-natured sailor, who happened to be in St. John's as Captain of H.M.S. *Pegasus* in 1780. A poor fellow, O'Driscoll, had judgment given against him; as he was passing gloomily down the street, a friend pointed out the Prince, and said, "Get him to plead your case agin, and bedad you will win before ould judge." So O'Driscoll accosted the Prince, and the kind-hearted sailor went off hot-foot to the justice and pleaded the case so ably that judgment was given in his favour. A judicial decision given by

His Royal Highness when he presided as Surrogate in the courthouse of Placentia does not speak quite so highly of him as a judge. This is given in the Records as follows:

"A riot happening on shore at 4 o'clock, the magistrate attending to suppress it was insulted. The Prince came on shore with a guard of marines, arrested the ringleader, called a Court, and sentenced him to receive 100 lashes. He was only able to receive 80. *Next day enquired into the facts of the case*; (and report has it that they had whipped the wrong man.)"

Henry John Boulton, a politician from Upper Canada then out of a job, and who subsequently represented Niagara, and also Norfolk, in the Parliament of Canada, was one of the chief justices with whom Newfoundland was blessed. Judge Prowse declares that he was the worst possible selection that could have been made, and that he was hated as no one else was ever hated in Newfoundland. He was succeeded in 1838 by John Gervase Hutchinson Bourne, an able lawyer, but cursed with a violent temper. Here is a story illustrative of it. Lambert, the old crier of the Court, was helping the chief to put on his gown; the sleeve was inside out and Bourne could not get his arm through; in his wrath, he swore, "The devil's in the gown!" Old Lambert, who was getting the sleeve right, said quite innocently, "Not yet, my lord, not yet!"

Judge Prowse is just as willing to tell stories that reflect on himself, in the estimation of persons zealous for the dignity of the Bench, as he is to act the part of a faithful historian. A capital shot and a good hand with the rod, he sometimes makes his way through scrub and ponds to localities remote from the capital. Once he was in the neighbourhood of Cape Race, where he rested for a day or two in the congenial company of Paddy Meyrick, the lighthouse keeper, and the late Captain Gulliford. He was tired, his bags were well stored with birds, his old pony was far away, his clothes behind were getting out, and he had

nothing with which to hide the gaping rents but an old black mackintosh. The question came up, how to get back to St. John's with the minimum of trouble? One of the company suggested that the Allan mail steamer, the *Nova Scotian*, would pass next morning. "Be gob!" said Paddy, warmed with the Judge's stories, "I'll signal her for you." "And I'll give you a boat, and three or four fellows to row you out," said the Captain. But it was known that no signal would avail, except "Will you take on board a shipwrecked crew?" "That will fetch the Scotchmen," said the Judge, "They'll stop for the bawbees." He took joyfully all the responsibility on himself, and next morning the signal flew as soon as the steamer came in sight. The great liner halted till the boat rowed up to her side. Only one man, with two dogs and sundry bags of grouse, came on board. "Where's the shipwrecked crew!" shouted the Captain from the bridge. The Judge calmly pointed to himself, to his birds, to his dogs, and then, "Not caring to argue with the Captain when he was angry, and being very hungry, I proceeded to the saloon and went through the courses from porridge to pineapples."

"I arrived in St. John's," he added, "in six hours!" Of course the St. John's papers got hold of the story, and for days they had headlines to their articles, "Outrageous Conduct of a Judge!" "Stopping a Mail Steamer on the High Seas," etc., and there was much correspondence on the subject, but no one was cashiered, though Paddy Meyrick was bullied a little, and the Judge calmly went on his way, after the manner of roving blades who are indifferent to the formalities with which most men are oppressed.

He tells a good story, with a moral which can be read between the lines, of his connection with the riot known as the "Battle of Fox Trap," which was fought, as all men know, in 1881, when the railway survey was being made on the south shore of Conception Bay. The fishermen had been told that if the engineers once

put tape on their property they would be taxed to death, and that a tall gate (tollgate) would be set up, and that possibly their land would cease to belong to them. A raging mob gathered who dared the engineers to cross a given line. There was a defect in the statute, and so the Judge was asked to go out and reason with the people and induce them to disperse. His eloquence was all in vain, though he argued with them for days. Hundreds of angry men and women, with guns, sticks and stones, swore that there should be no railway while they lived. On the fifth or sixth day the crowd boiled over. Irritated at seeing the engineers in their tents, biding their time, they suddenly poured down on them, stoning and booting them—fleeing for their lives—into the village, where the Judge was staying. "I now had them," he said, "as a breach of the peace had been committed; and collecting my force of eleven policemen, we faced the mob. Knowing their leader, we quietly nabbed him before he knew what was going on. A cry was raised, 'Will you let them take Charlie?' and a wild rush was made, but they drew back before the eleven bayonets, and in a few minutes we had Charlie—a tall, strong fellow, in the lock-up. The crowd sullenly fell back, but did not disperse. Next morning a message came from Charlie, that he wished to see me. I went, and as soon as I entered the room he called out, 'O Joodge, A'm al' for t' ralerood!'" "Hullo! what has changed you so suddenly, Charlie?" I said. "Why, there was put in with me last night a drunk sailor man, and he ast me what I was in fur, and I tould him, and he said, 'Why, you ole bloke, don't you know that the railway is the poor man's carriage? You can ride in it like a lord for a few cents to St. John's or anywhere, no matter how wind or tide may be'; and so now, Joodge, A'm al' for t' ralerood." "But, Charlie, didn't I tell you all that, and more too, last week, and you wouldn't listen to me?" "Ah, Joodge," responded Charlie, "that was differ-

ent. We al' knowed that you was paid for saying them things!" And so, where Judge and police had failed, the drunk sailor man ended the battle of Fox Trap.

In recent letters to the *Toronto Globe* and the *Montreal Star* I have referred to the present position of Newfoundland, its probable agricultural, mineral and forest wealth, the contract made with Mr. Reid for operating its railway system, its tri-weekly connection with the North Sydney terminus of the Intercolonial, and other matters to which I need not here refer. For the first time in its history, it has hopes of internal development. For these it has paid a large sum, and it has put enormous powers for good or evil into one man's hands. The excuse is that there was nothing else to be done, when once a great railway policy had been decided on, and to that policy every party in the island, in turn, had committed itself. It

is now impossible for Newfoundland to isolate itself much longer from the general life of British North America. In spite of its mistakes and the mistakes of Canada, especially the blunder of 1895, confederation with the Dominion is sure to come. And it is impossible for the Treaty Shore question to remain unsettled. Mr. Chamberlain has agreed to send a Royal Commission to examine into the question, and that is the beginning of the end. It becomes Canadians to know something of the history of this "the most ancient Colony" of Great Britain; and I have, therefore, considered it timely to call attention to the minute chronicle of Judge Prowse and to refer at the same time to the writings of the Rev. Dr. Harvey, the two Newfoundlanders whom we best know beyond its own shores, and who have done most to make it favourably known to the world.

G. M. Grant.



RONDEAU.

I KNOW not what was said, alack-a-day!
How foolish not to know what maidens may.
He took me where the brook, a tiny thread,
Sang to the rushes, as between it sped,
And said—what was it, now, that he did say?

I can't remember. In an awakened way
He spoke and stammered, wearied by delay.
I think I helped him—that was how he said,
I know not what!

I let my fingers in the water play,
I let my glances on the water stay;
And so—although he asked me soon to wed,
I did not listen—really! and he said,
I know not what!

Florence Hamilton Randal.

MISQUOTATION.

ONE of the curiosities of literature which has escaped the attention of the elder Disraeli is the frequency of inaccurate quotation, especially of poetry. In conversation, the phenomenon is not surprising. Few are gifted with the memory of a Macaulay or a Porson, and as a rule we carry from our reading the substance of the ideas that strike us, without retaining the exact language in which these ideas are expressed. Nothing is more common than to hear people speak of a "beggarly array of empty boxes," instead of a beggarly "account"; or say that "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark," meaning that "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark"; or exclaim of mercy that "It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath," when Shakespeare speaks of the gentle "rain." We make every allowance for the frailty of the average man's faculties and charitably assume that he atones for these peccadilloes by attention to the weightier matters of the law.

But it is not in oral intercourse alone that we catch the quoter tripping. In newspapers, magazines and books, in carefully prepared discourses and in articles from the pens of prominent writers similar faults abound. In a book recently published by Archdeacon Farrar, entitled "Men I have known," the author misquotes Milton thus:

"Fed on thoughts which voluntarily move
Harmonious musing,"

the correct version being,

"Feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

The Archdeacon has long occupied a position of acknowledged distinction in the world of letters. He is, moreover, a lover of poetry, having published a selection entitled "With the Poets," but he apparently thinks it is not worth while to verify his quotations.

Macmillan & Co. issued some years

ago a volume of "Wordsworthiana" containing papers upon the poet and his works by members of the Wordsworth society. Among the contributors to this book is the Hon. Roden Noel, a man of philosophical cast of mind, elegant taste, and unusual literary discernment. Yet Mr. Noel—addressing, be it remembered, professed disciples of the poet, banded together for the promotion of a deeper study of his writings—enriches his remarks with the following supposed extract: "The weary burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world." The original, as it appears in the well-known "Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey," is as follows:

"The burthen of the mystery,
... the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world."

Lord Selborne, Lord Chancellor of England, was President of the Wordsworth society in 1885, and in his official address he quoted Pope thus: "All the rest is leather and prunella," surely no improvement upon "The rest is all but leather and prunella." As, however, His Lordship in the same address stated that he had learned more, not alone of nature but of man, from Wordsworth than from Plato or Shakespeare, it is scarcely worth while cavilling over his minor misdemeanours.

Offenders of this sort undoubtedly sin in the best of company. Witness the names given above. Many others of at least equal standing might be furnished. The epigraph placed upon the first edition of Bancroft's History of the United States is this, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," undoubtedly intended for "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," a line from Bishop Berkeley's poem "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America."

The very prince of English critics must be included in our list. In his essay on "Maurice de Guérin," Matthew Arnold quotes Keats thus:

"Moving waters at their priest-like task
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores."

Keats speaks not of "cold" but of "pure" ablution. A grotesque distortion of the same passage is given in the June number of *Cosmopolis* by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in an article on "The Celtic Element in Literature," where he puts it in this form: "Moving waters at their priest-like task of pure oblations round earth's human shore." The idea on the mind of the poet was the cleansing of the soilure of earth by the tide. By what effort of the imagination does Mr. Yeats transform this into the conception of a priest offering up sacrificial "oblations?"

A remarkable illustration of our theme is afforded by a brother of the eminent man just mentioned. In his sonnet, "To a Friend," Mr. Matthew Arnold finely characterizes the Greek dramatist Sophocles in the line "Who saw life steadily and saw it whole," meaning obviously that by keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the phenomena of life, the poet penetrated its significance and saw things in their totality, in their organic relations. The passage is quoted by Dr. Thomas Arnold in the article on English Literature in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, page 412, last edition: "Saw life thoroughly and saw it whole," the thought being altered and weakened in the transcript.

In Green's History of the English People, Book VII., the author twice misquotes Milton as follows:

"The high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,"

where "embowered" should be "embowed"; and again, "Where the jolly rebecks sound," "jolly" being substituted for "jocund."

Milton, indeed, is a constant sufferer at the hands of careless writers. Sir John Lubbock, in the "Pleasures of Life," speaks of being swallowed and lost "In the wide womb of uncreated thought." It need scarcely be said that the Puritan poet is not responsible for that singular locution.

Wordsworth, in a sonnet beginning

"Scorn not the sonnet," tells us that:

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

Robert Browning refers to the matter in a poem styled "House," but interpolates the word "same" in the first line, making it,

"With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart,"

and a recent edition of Shakespeare's sonnets has the incorrect version prefixed and attributed to Wordsworth! It is but poetic justice that Browning should himself be maltreated after the manner in which he has dealt with Wordsworth. In the June number of *Cosmopolis* Mr. Edmund Gosse, in an article on "Current French Literature," informs us that "All's well with the world," whereas what Browning says in his song from "Pippa Passes" is that "All's right with the world."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, especially if foreign and classical languages were included. Let two notorious instances suffice. The common expression "in flagrante delicto" is an incorrect version of Justinian, *Corpus Juris Civilis Romani*, *Codex IX.*, *Tit. XIII.*, *1*, "in flagranti crimine comprehensi"; while the equally common "ne sutor ultra crepidam" is a free adaptation of Pliny the elder, *Natural History*, *XXXV.*, *36* (10), "Ne supra crepidam judicaret (sutor)."

Perhaps the reader may ask, of what consequence is it whether an author's exact language is preserved or not, provided we have his thought? The answer is, that inaccurate quotation is a sin against truth. It may appear in any particular instance to be a trifle, but perfection consists in small things, and perfection is no trifle. In poetry, as in other arts, the form cannot be separated from the substance without injury, for the form is an essential part of the artistic product. In fact, inaccuracy such as we are considering is indicative of slovenliness and negligence, and is inexcusable on the part of those who set up for teachers of the public.

Robert W. Shannon.

SOME RECENT PREMIERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD," ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE boon of Responsible Government was grudgingly granted to Newfoundland in 1854, and in the general election under the new constitution, held the following year, Hon. P. F. Little became the first Premier. On his elevation to the Supreme Court Bench, Hon. John Kent succeeded him, in the election of 1859. He in turn gave place to Hon. (afterwards Sir) Hugh Hoyles, in 1861, who four years later accepted the Chief Justiceship and resigned the reins of power to Hon. (now Sir) F. B. T. Carter. The "Year of Confederation," 1869, Premier Carter faced the country as an advocate of union with Canada, but the anti-Confederate hosts routed him, and Hon. C. F. Bennett swayed our destinies until 1874, when another turn of Fortune's wheel brought Mr. Carter once more on top, where he remained until elevated to the position of Chief Justice, with a knighthood, in 1878. Of that group of Premiers, he alone remained in the flesh, and his withdrawal closed what may be termed the formative period in the colony's history. In May of the present year he resigned the position of Chief Justice after twenty years of service.

His successor in the premiership was Hon. (now Rt. Hon. Sir) Wm. Whiteway, who inaugurated the progressive era, which may be described as the development of the unexplored interior by opening it up through the medium of a railway. Sir Wm. Whiteway was born at Totnes, Devonshire, England, on April 1st, 1828. He came to this colony when fifteen, studied law with a relative, was admitted to the Bar in 1852, and became a Q.C. ten years later. In 1858 he entered politics, became Speaker in '64, was a delegate to Canada for terms of union in '69, and as a Confederate went down before the tidal wave that year. He was elected

again in '73 as Solicitor-General, and became Premier and Attorney-General in '78. He was counsel for the colony in the famous Fishery Arbitration, held at Halifax in '77, and secured us an award of one million dollars. He was also delegate to London on several occasions in connection with the vexed French Shore question. Upon attaining power he was confronted with the problem that the increasing population could not find employment in the fisheries; and as the geological survey showed the interior to be rich in agricultural, timber and mineral lands, he formulated the policy of building a line of railway through the country to give access to these regions, and promote new industries. Being an able and eloquent speaker, persuasive and determined, sincere in his convictions, and having an abiding faith in the future of the colony, he gradually moulded his party to his views, and after a preliminary survey by Mr. Sandford Fleming, a contract was let for the construction of eighty-three miles of narrow-gauge railroad, from St. John's to Harbour Grace around the head of Conception Bay, the most populous section of the island. The first sod was turned in August 1882, and we were fairly launched upon our new experiment. Another measure was the construction of a dry dock in St. John's, to enable ocean steamers calling here in distress to effect repairs. In December, 1883, the peaceful relations existing between our different denominations were disrupted because of an Orange Catholic riot in Harbour Grace, in which seven people were killed. This roused the slumbering fires of sectarian animosities, and made a political cleavage on purely religious lines. Owing to a resolution introduced into the Legislature by one of Premier Whiteway's Protestant supporters, the Catholic wing of his party

withdrew from him, and his Government went to pieces in the session of 1885.

Sir William retired from political life, the reversion of the Chief Justiceship being promised him if it became vacant, and a purely Protestant party took the country under the leadership of Hon. (now Sir) Robert Thorburn, and were elected in nearly every case without opposition, the districts with Catholics in a majority electing members of that denomination. When the new Parliament met in February '86, it presented the extraordinary spectacle of a house composed on purely denominational lines, twenty-two Protestants forming the Government, and fourteen Catholics making the Opposition. But this unfortunate situation was, however, happily terminated by the assumption of office before the next session of several leading members of the Opposition, thus terminating the most unhappy episode in the history of the colony. Premier Thorburn was born in Scotland in 1836, and came to the colony at the age of sixteen, entering the office of Baine, Johnson & Co., one of our leading fish firms, and, eventually, becoming managing partner of the firm, his uncles being the principals. Though a member of the Legislative Council for fifteen years, he had had no active political career when called upon to assume the Premiership, his election being due rather to the honoured position he held in the commercial community, and, maybe, to the idea of giving the country a business-man's administration. Hon. (now Sir) James Winter was Attorney-General and leading spirit of the Government. Its lot was, however, cast in troublous times. A series of bad fisheries caused almost unexampled depression, and a severe gale on Labrador in the fall of '86 threw hundreds of the fishermen on the bounty of the Government. Most of the labour-giving measures started by the previous Ministry were now completed, and the workmen discharged therefrom swelled the crowd clamouring for employment. The Thorburn Government's

chief claim to recognition lies in the fact that it passed and enforced the famous "Bait Act," prohibiting the sale of herring and other bait fishes to the French at St. Pierre, in retaliation for the damage done us in the European markets by the French who, being granted a bounty of \$2 per quintal on all the codfish they exported, were thus enabled to undersell us all along the line. But this enactment destroyed the lucrative industry of bait-catching on the southern coast and increased the army of enemies of the Government. The passage of an election act, providing for a twenty-five-year suffrage and vote by ballot, made the fishermen independent of all outside influences. So, when Sir Wm. Whiteway re-entered the political field in 1889, he swept the country, carrying twenty-eight out of the thirty-six seats, and defeating every elective member of the Thorburn Cabinet. In this election the parties first took the distinctive names of Liberal and Conservative, Whiteway's followers being known as the former, and Thorburn's as the latter.

The Conservatives, while in power, had adopted the railway policy in so far as to build a line twenty-six miles to Placentia, and, when overthrown, were contemplating another extension. When Premier Whiteway re-entered the Cabinet he proved that his views on railway matters had undergone no change by concluding a contract to extend the main line to Exploits and the northwest, tapping Trinity, Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays. This contract was awarded to Mr. R. G. Reid, of Montreal, who had carried out very extensive works for the C.P.R., and his handling of our road was such as to enhance his reputation.

Measures for steam on the bays and manhood suffrage owe their enactment to this administration, and Colonial Secretary Bond in 1890 negotiated a Reciprocity Convention with the American Secretary of State, the late J. G. Blaine, which was blocked through Canada's interference. The

great fire in St. John's, in July, 1892, taxed the best energies of the Ministry, but the employment given in re-building the city, the progress of railway construction, and the completion of a second contract with Mr. Reid to further extend the road to Port-aux-Basques, the south-west extremity of the island, to traverse the interior with the line of railway and bring us into daily communication with the American continent, contributed largely to the re-election of the Whiteway Ministry, in November, 1893.

But this election was the beginning of the most stirring and sensational period in the colony's history. Sir James Winter, the Conservative leader, had been offered, and had accepted, from the Liberal Government a place on the Supreme Bench the previous spring. When the returns showed Whiteway to have twenty-four men against twelve oppositionists, the latter petitioned against the return of the Premier and his followers on the ground of corrupt practices, the move being projected by Mr. A. B. Morine,

a clever young Nova Scotian, who settled down in the colony and became one of its ablest lawyers and politicians. Curiously enough, the first case came before Justice Winter, who had, following the terms of the law, no alternative but to unseat and disqualify his old-time opponent. His decision, given on March 27th, 1894, rendered a similar verdict in all the other cases a certainty, and the indignation of the Liberals was only exceeded by their dread of the consequences. Seeing political extinction before them, they demanded a dissolution from Governor

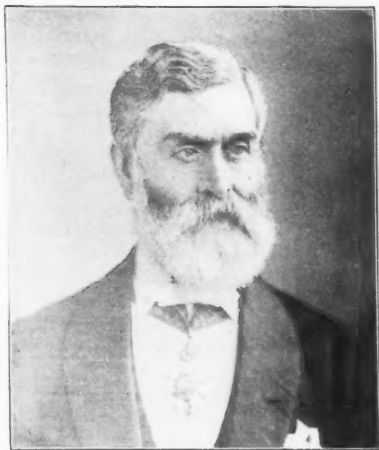
O'Brien, which would have nullified all their disabilities. This he refused to grant, and on April 12th they tendered their resignation. He called upon Hon. A. F. Goodridge, the Opposition leader, who formed a cabinet, Hon. Mr. Morine becoming Colonial Secretary, and Hon. D. Morison Attorney-General.

Premier Goodridge, like his predecessor, is a Devonshire man, born in Paignton, and came to the colony when fourteen, to enter his father's mercantile firm as accountant, perfecting himself in every branch of the fishery business until he rose to be the head of one of the oldest and largest firms in the colony. He had a lengthened political experience, and marked fluency and readiness of speech. His assumption of office was marked by an anomalous situation. He could not meet the Legislature, as the Liberals who still held their seats formed a large majority and refused to pass the money bills necessary to carry on the public service. So he had to prorogue from time to time, while the courts decimated the Liberal



HON. SIR JAMES S. WINTER.
The Present Premier of Newfoundland.

ranks. When the Revenue Bill expired on June 11, the Conservatives, nothing daunted, undertook to collect the import duties without legal authority, and when Liberal supporters tried, at first, to seize their goods by force from the bonded warehouses, the Government had a warship in the harbour to prevent disturbances. Then these appealed to the Courts, but before the legal machinery could be got in motion the remaining Liberals had been unseated, and the Conservative victors in this conflict of brains called together the Assembly and passed bills of indemnity



RT.-HON. SIR WILLIAM WHITEAWAY.



HON. SIR ROBERT THORBURN.

legalizing all they had done. But their astuteness profited them nothing. The constituencies resented the unseating of their members, which, by implication, represented themselves as the recipients of bribes, and the bye-elections, in November, '94, returned other Liberals in the place of those unseated. The Goodridge Government had not time to make any impress upon the country by a policy or platform, for it held office only eight months, resigning on December 11, 1894, the day after the bank failures in the colony, the most disastrous calamity that ever befell this island.

The third administration for this eventful year now assumed office and at the time when the country most needed ablest statesman, the Liberal majority in the Legislature, from whom a cabinet had to be formed, consisted for the most part of untried, inexperienced men, not one of them having ever held a cabinet or departmental office. Hon. D. J. Greene, Q.C., was the longest in point of service in the Assembly, and to him the Governor entrusted the unusually difficult task of forming a ministry. Premier Greene is a native of St. John's, born in 1848. He was called to the bar in '73, became a Queen's Counsel

in '86, and conducted the cases against the bank directors which recently terminated. Owing to the onerous nature of this work he resigned last fall from membership for the district of Ferryland, which he had continuously represented for twenty-one years, and was at once elevated to a seat in the Legislative Council. He was a delegate to England in '90 on the French Shore trouble, and was twice leader of the Opposition.

Immediately upon the failure of the banks referred to above, the Legislature was summoned and measures were taken to deal with the crisis which faced the colony. Premier Greene and his associates worked energetically; the insolvent banks were liquidated. Canadian banks were induced to establish themselves here instead; the interest on the colony's bonds due in London at the end of the year was provided by a temporary loan; and immediate relief was given note-holders by the Government guaranteeing the paper at the proportion of its value which it was thought would be realized. But the cabinet was merely a provisional one; it speedily enacted a measure relieving the disqualified Liberals of their disabilities, and then several sitting members withdrew



HON. A. F. GOODRIDGE.



HON. J. D. GREENE.

from the House. Sir Wm. Whiteway and his colleagues re-entered, resuming their offices about a year after they had resigned them.

The depression resulting from the widespread effects of the bank "crash" almost reduced the colony to bankruptcy in the spring of '95, and negotiations for Confederation were opened, four members of the Cabinet, Hon. Messrs. Bond, Morris, Emerson and Horwood, going to Ottawa for the purpose. But terms could not be arranged, and to prevent colonial insolvency Hon. Mr. Bond went to London and effected a loan, a policy of retrenchment being carried out in the colony so as to cut down the expenses. But during all this the construction of the railway was steadily pushed on and continued in the summers of '96-'97. In October, '97, the general election again took place and the Conservatives were this time victorious, gaining 23 seats against 13 for the Liberals. The victors were led by Sir James Winter, who had been so fiercely attacked by the Liberals for his action in unseating them, that he stepped down from the Bench into the political arena, where he very effectually worsted his tormentors.

Premier Sir James Winter is a Newfoundlander born, and is now fifty-three years of age. He studied law with Sir Hugh Hoyles, was admitted to the Bar in 1870, and took silk in '80. In '74 he was elected to the Legislature from his native district, representing it for eleven years, and then was member for Harbour Grace. He was Speaker, Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, and his legal career was most successful. He represented the colony at the Washington Fishery Conference in 1887, was a delegate to London on the French Shore agitation in '90, and was the successful counsel before the Privy Council for Mr. Baird, who contested the right of Sir Baldwin Walker, captain of the British warship *Emerald*, to close down his lobster factory on that shore. During the session recently closed he put through the Legislature the famous Reid Railway Contract, of which so much has been written. In July, he and the Hon. Mr. Morine were delegates to England, to secure a Royal Commission on the French Shore Question, and he is now representing Newfoundland at the Quebec Conference.

P. T. McGrath.

CYRUS PINCHER'S THRESHING BEE.

A Country Tale.

IF there was a man in Canada who could mow a load of wheat-sheaves into a hencoop it was Cyrus Pincher. He didn't believe in two roofs where one would do. He had but two on his place. One was on the barn. But that was probably the most complicated thing in the way of rural architecture in Ontario. Talk about the labyrinth of Crete or the pyramids of Egypt! They were straight oblongs in comparison. No one remembered who built it; but there wasn't a thrasher within ten miles who wouldn't have put the unlucky Vitruvius through the cylinder if he ever found out. That barn was simply an architectural despair to a thrasher. Externally, it looked like a big African hut besieged by a colony of wigwams. Inside it was worse than a female smuggler's dress, the biggest *multum in parvo* west of Rome, before threshing.

Cyrus never threshed by the bushel. It wouldn't pay with such a barn as that. As a consequence there wasn't a threshing-machine within ten miles that ever pulled into his place the second time. Cy. always threshed by the job. Dan Brooks, eleven miles north, got the job in '82, the twentieth year of that barn's history. Dan drove out one day, sized up the innocent-looking thing inside and said—"twenty-five dollars." Cy. wanted to cut down to twenty-four and a half. They split the difference. Dan pulled in and blew his whistle.

The neighbors came. Cy., who was a little man with a dab of grey beard and a hook nose, took the rakers. If there was one job Cy. prided himself upon besides mowing sheaves it was taking care of the straw at the tail-end of a separator. He had his boast that there wasn't a feeder in Canada who could bush him at that. Dan, who was something of a "gandershanks," ran

the engine. That put him at one end of the job, Cy. Pincher at the other.

The first forenoon made a hole near the roof big enough for two of the mowmen to wrestle in at the noon spell. When Dan climbed up to see he swore a big oath. He didn't wait for the echo but went down immediately to fire up. He tooted for feed before the second gang got through dinner. Cy. went to the rakers with a chunk of pork in his mouth; the belt flapped and the cylinder started to hum. By dusk the scaffolds over the floor were cleared and a hole made in the first mow. Dan wanted to go on till midnight but the mowmen left the barn. Dan got mad and started to pitch on the table himself. But the stack-hands quit and all Dan could do was to jab around in the dark at the sheaves, trying to find how big a hole there was. Then he got down to stop the engine. He met Cy. in the yard brushing the dust from his shoulders and coughing.

"Say Cy.," he said, as he took a chew of tobacco. "Did you put them sheaves in with a hay-packer or a spile-driver, which?"

"Both," answered Cyrus laconically. "I allus do. That's why I wear buckskin pads on me knees. I never let the hired man mow sheaves. Takes too much room. Give us a chaw, Dan?"

The second forenoon the left mow began to settle about as fast as a snow-bank in March. By noon it was down to the beam. It was only eight feet now down to the granary on one half and there was a good three feet of hay under the other. Dan felt a little encouraged. But he was as ignorant of the anatomy of Cyrus Pincher's barn as Cyrus was of foreign missions. All that afternoon the cylinder of the big, red separator chewed sheaves in and spit straw out into the stackyard. Down at the engine Dan kept 100 lbs.

steady pressure every second and tooted for heavier feed about every ten. Cy. at the rakers shoved the straw behind him and looked as placidly down the canvas as if it had been a feather bed. But it got dark in the barn when half the first mow was out and the other half five feet above the hay. Again Dan whistled to quit and once more climbed into the mow to take its measure. There, sheer as Gibraltar, right in front of him rose another wall of sheaves. Instead of running clear through to the cracks in the wall the granary reached but half way back. Then there was another mow on the same side and right to the floor. Dan had been so busy firing and chopping rails that he hadn't been in the barn since noon and then there was such a cloud of dust he couldn't see the roof. He was mightily indignant.

"Say Cy.," he growled, as he slid on to the floor again. "There's one thing I wanta know 'fore bedtime."

"Now's yer chance," replied Cy., then busy scanning the tallyboard.

"Be there any cellars under this blame barn er not, which?"

"Likely which," was the laconic reply. Cy. coughed at the tally. Dan got dramatic. He clapped his black finger on the score board hard enough to punch an extra hole in it. Then he glared at Cy. through the blackstrap on his face.

"Wal," drawled Cyrus, "it's a thirty-dollar job already, Dan. Guess it's 'bout chore-time, too."

When he turned to go to the stable, Dan was raking out the fire. But Cy. could tell from the look on his face that he was talking up the flues.

Dan went to bed early that night. He talked to himself a little before he went to sleep and a little while after. It was about the same as before, something about Cy.'s barn, the next night, and sleeping in the smokestack.

He got up by starlight, blew the whistle at dawn and had the belt flapping before sunrise. There was only one man in the mow and Cy. at the rakers. But there was a most awful look of resolution on Dan's long face,

and every time a man passed the engine on the way to the barn it got worse.

Somehow there got a kind of electricity around that barn by ten o'clock. Nobody knew just what it was, but everybody felt it. Dan at the throttle knew. So did Cy Pincher at the rakers.

About eleven the hay was reached. Dan strode in, glanced once at the mow, yelled, and stalked back to the rakers. He looked up. Cy. was leaning on his fork waiting for straw.

"Say, Cy.," he shouted, and then in sheer paralysis waved his arms. Cy. started to blow chaff in his hand. He was imperturbable. Dan was mad.

"Cy.!!" he yelled. Then he forgot the context and began to get a little incoherent. Then he appealed to the supreme court. After that he yelled again.

"Say, boss, that hay slopes! By Jerusalem! there ain't a half a load in the hull mow! It's a good half pitch!"

"Well," replied Cyrus as he flipped a grain or two of wheat into his dusty mouth, "the roof's only a third. You're throwin' a leetle grain over, Dan."

Dan waited no further parley. It was no use. He got out to the engine, as he himself said afterwards, by way of reminiscence, "in three shakes of a dead lamb's tail." He looked back at the barn like a streak of lightning. Then he glared into the fire-box, as if for two cents he'd go right through it into the flues. He crammed in wood. Then he tooted for feed. The feeder looked back through the dust like a fiend in a cloud of smoke. That was an extra toot, and he knew it. Biz-z-zip, zoo-m-z-zz! went the cylinder of the big, red separator, like a circular saw, a freight train, and a hurricane in a winter wood, one and all. The belt flashed. The engine panted and snuffed like a wet dog after a coon hunt. Through the dusty shadow of the barn the yellow sheaves played football on to the table and down the cylinder, and the still yellower straw

rolled up the rakers like smoke. The feeder couldn't see for sheaves. The mow-men, half-blind with dust, didn't care. Cy. Pincher at the rakers looked down through the door and yelled—for more straw!

Dan's temper could have run a separator alone just then. He had just been in the barn again for a reconnoitre, and found that the back mow ran two feet below the floor! He didn't care then if the engine made a skipping rope of the belt and jumped clear over the barn on to the strawstack. He climbed up and started to feed. And he *could* feed.

When Dan Brooks got hold of a sheaf he didn't hold it till it grew. Every one his long arms got under stood on its head about the tenth part of a second before the next one was hot on its heels half through the red separator somewhere on its way to Cy. Pincher. If the concave under that cylinder had been the mouth of a volcano he wouldn't have cared. In crowded the sheaves pell-mell, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, heads and tails, and with every surge of his long body Dan's white eyes glared up the foaming rakers at Cy.'s dab whisker and flashing fork. The men on the straw began to wallow. The mow-men began to reel. The wheat ran over the boxes on to the floor. The engine out in the yard snorted like a regiment of cavalry. The feeder ran out to fire up. Half the men couldn't see the

machine for dust. The other half couldn't see the dust for listening to the noise. The sheaves fairly flew when—

Zip-zoo-oom! went the cylinder, everybody yelled, the belt flew off and Dan's long arms poised in mid-air with a sheaf at the end kicking to get loose. The separator stopped. There was a profound stillness. The crickets began to chirp on the floor. The swallows twittered in the eaves. The faint sigh of the engine blowing itself out in the yard drifted into the barn. There was a rustle at the head of the rakers, and Cy. Pincher's dab whisker thrust itself under the door.

"Say, Dan," he drawled with as much nonchalance as a mouth lined with dust would permit, "You've throwed over fifteen grains o' good, plump wheat the last two minutes. When you git to the oats, Dan, you'll have to go kind o' slow. They're most heads. I had to cut 'em short to crowd 'em een. There's a jag or two in the calf-house and a couple or so in the cow-stalls, and I had to shove a leetle few een under the floor. They'll likely be a leetle tough, Dan, and you'll have to feed kind o' slow—"

Dan didn't hear the rest. The belt was on. The engine puffed. The cylinder moaned. But Dan didn't feed any more. Things took their natural course after that. When he quit threshing for Cy. Pincher he bought a new razor, but he didn't sleep in the smokestack.

Augustus Bridle.





ARGONAUTS.

VESPERS (PHILA.)

FINISH OF $\frac{3}{4}$ MILE DASH, N.W.R.A. REGATTA, TORONTO BAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1898.

ROWING IN CANADA.

THE rowing season of 1898 has been a most successful one in Canada, and our representatives have proved themselves capable of retaining nearly every Canadian Championship in their own clubs, and, in addition, of winning at least two American Championships from their cousins in the United States.

Canadians are well to the fore amongst the world's athletes, and particularly have they proved themselves second to none in all branches of aquatic sports. The International Championship of America in yachting still remains to the credit of the yacht *Canada* of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; the Seawanhaka cup for half-raters has once more been successfully defended by a Canadian boat—the *Dominion* sailed by Mr. H. E. Duggan of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club; the International sailing trophy of the American Canoe Association has not been wrested from Mr. Chas. E. Archbald of Toronto, who has time and again shown the way in his fast sailing canoe *Mab* to the best of the American canoe sailors; and in rowing the Argonaut Club of Toronto

has sent out a crew which during the recent summer has proved itself incapable of defeat, and has again brought home the championship banner of the United States to adorn the club walls.

Year by year the art of amateur rowing is becoming more popular among the young men of Canada, and at the recent regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held at Toronto on August 8th and 9th last, the number of competitors and of clubs represented was far greater, and the quality better, than at any other similar regatta held in America for a number of years past.

There is, in the field of amateur sports, none that requires more hard work, constant practice and careful training than that of rowing. Those who adopt that particular branch of athletics, alone realize what is necessary to be done in order to attain that degree of proficiency required to enable them to compete successfully in the various open regattas in Canada and sometimes in the United States.

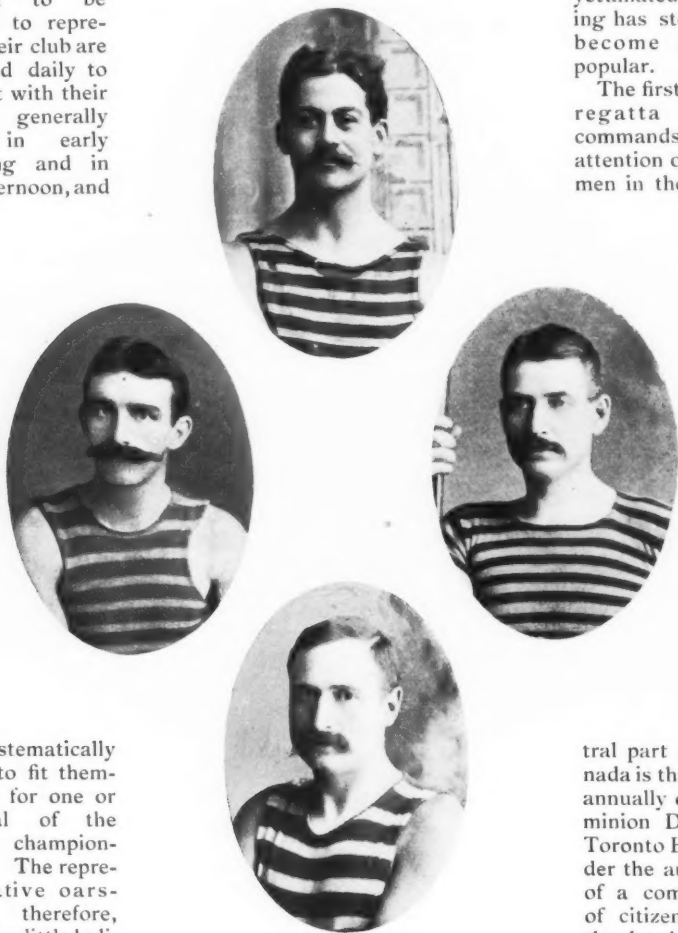
Early in the spring, almost as soon

as the waters are cleared of ice, activity commences in and around the rowing clubs, and by May representative crews are generally in training for the season's racing. From that time on throughout the summer those lucky enough to be chosen to represent their club are required daily to get out with their crew, generally both in early morning and in the afternoon, and

than able to hold their own with those of any other country. Although professional rowing has practically declined since the once famous "Ned" Hanlan showed the stern of his boat to the scullers of all parts of the world,

yet amateur rowing has steadily become more popular.

The first open regatta that commands the attention of oarsmen in the cen-



Jos. Wright (Stroke).
R. G. Muntz (Bow). E. A. Thompson (No. 2).
F. H. Thompson (No. 3).

ARGONAUT FOUR—CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA.

to systematically train to fit themselves for one or several of the year's championships. The representative oarsman, therefore, has very little holiday, and during the long summer season has to remain at home and be daily at his work.

The careful training, however, of our Canadian scullers and oarsmen has had its effect, and to-day they are more

than able to hold their own with those of any other country. Although professional rowing has practically declined since the once famous "Ned" Hanlan showed the stern of his boat to the scullers of all parts of the world, yet amateur rowing has steadily become more popular. The first open regatta that commands the attention of oarsmen in the central part of Canada is that held annually on Dominion Day on Toronto Bay under the auspices of a committee of citizens and the local clubs. Later in the year, generally early in August, the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen holds its annual championship meet at some place, usually in Ontario, which meets with the approval of

the association on account of the course available and the financial guaranteed support offered. In addition to these regattas there are other fields offered for the prowess of our representatives, principal among which are the regattas of the National Association and the North-Western Association. The former decides the championships of the United States, and has always had for a number of years past one or more entries from Canadian clubs.

In recent years the National championship in fours has often been won by Canadians, the Toronto Rowing Club, the Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club, all having on one or more occasions captured the coveted trophy from

over all the crews that the United States or Canada could produce, and equally prominent with them as a champion of champions is young Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck, of Worcester, Mass. Both in the United States and Canada, at the National Regatta at Philadelphia in July last, at the Canadian Regatta at Toronto in August, and at the North-Western Regatta held this year at the same place, as well as at numerous other regattas of lesser import, have the Argonauts and Ten Eyck, in their respective races, shown the way by a good margin to all other competitors.

Young Ten Eyck stands in a class by himself as an amateur sculler, and on three important occasions, at Phila-



Ritchie.

Carr.

Wilkinson.

Fraser.

BROCKVILLE CLUB'S FOUR - INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF CANADA.

their American rivals. Two of these victorious Canadian crews, the Argonauts and the Winnipeggers, have competed at Henley against the best that Great Britain could produce, and although not victorious, they showed themselves to be the toughest material in the world to beat; the Argonauts in their last visit to Henley in 1895 being defeated by the champions of England by the narrow margin of two feet.

Undoubtedly the season's rowing which has just closed has demonstrated the supremacy of the big Argonaut four, consisting of Jos. Wright (stroke), F. H. Thompson (No. 3), E. A. Thompson (No. 2), and Rupert Muntz (bow),

delphia and Toronto, was in front of young Goldman, of the Argonauts, these two finishing first and second over their other rivals in the same order whenever they met.

The honors, however, which this year fell to the Argonaut's "Big Four" have never been equalled in America, and included victories at the Dominion Day Regatta, Toronto, the National and International championships at Philadelphia, the Canadian and North-Western championships at Toronto, and the championship of Manitoba and The Pacific Coast won at Winnipeg against the fast crew of the James Bay Club of British Columbia, for some years champions of the Pacific coast,

which had, on the day prior, defeated the famous Winnipeg four.

Among the younger clubs that are worthy of special comment Brockville comes first. Although only an infant in the field of rowing, the Brockville Rowing Club this year turned out one of the fastest junior fours in the history of the Canadian Association's Regatta, and which was successful in winning the Junior race in "working" boats at the the Toronto Dominion Day Regatta, the Intermediate championship of Canada and the Junior championship at the North Western.

Once, however, they were defeated in a fair race, when the crew of the Grand Trunk Rowing Club of Montreal succeeded, after years of hard work and competitions, in winning the Canadian championship for Junior fours.

Another event worthy of Canadian pluck and enterprise was the advent this year of eight-oared rowing.

For the first time in the history of the sport a Canadian crew competed for the American championship in senior eights, and were only defeated at Philadelphia by a doubtful two feet by last year's champions, the crew of the Pennsylvania Barge Club.

In the summer of 1897, upon the return to Toronto of the Argonaut four after winning the "International" at Philadelphia, the idea of procuring an "eight" was first seriously considered, and in a short time the necessary amount of money had been subscribed by friends of the club and its members, and the big racing craft was ordered from and built by Clasper, the famous English builder. The Argonaut crew was chosen early last June, and after an auspicious launching of the shell and its having been very properly christened the "Galt," in honour of the club's popular president, by Miss Mowat in the afternoon of the annual spring "At

Home," regular and hard practice was begun.

The big race at Philadelphia brought out four eights, representing the Pennsylvania Barge Club, the Argonauts, Worcesters and Fairmonts, who finished in the order named in the very fast time of 7' 40½" for a mile and a half straight-away.

Later on at Toronto, on August 8th, the Canadian Association inaugurated the first race for eights in Canada, which was won handily by the Argonauts over the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia. It was in these races particularly that the superior strength and physique of Canadian oars-



EDWARD HANLAN TEN EYCK.
Amateur Champion of America.

men was most apparent, and, with a little more practice and care in the proper use of the slides, which is the one feature in which our American cousins are superior, there is no reason why Canadians should fear any competitors in eight-oared rowing, and it is the writer's opinion that next year will undoubtedly see the championship of the United States as well as that of our own country in this grandest of all kinds of rowing brought home to one of Canada's rowing clubs.

Since the last big four-oared race of the year, when the Argonauts won at Winnipeg, late in August, the suggestion has once more been made that a Canadian crew should again try conclusions with England's cracks at Henley next year; and while the Argonauts were at Winnipeg the unselfish and generous nature of Canadians was demonstrated by the manner in which the victors were urged to enter at Henley, and by the promised subscriptions



EDWARD HANLAN—EX-CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

to the Argonaut Club to assist in the undertaking. A movement is now on foot to send not only the "four" but the "eight" of the Argonauts across the Atlantic next June, and, should such an event take place as a Canadian eight competing for the "Grand Challenge" at Henley, it will undoubtedly take the best crew in Great Britain



ARGONAUT "EIGHT," CHAMPIONS OF CANADA.

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ARGONAUT CLUB HOUSE.

to retain the coveted prize. University crews of the United States have twice, in recent years, competed unsuccessfully at Henley in the eights, but these crews have neither the experience, strength nor weight that at present make up the big Canadian crew, nor are they properly to be compared at any time with such eights as that of the Pennsylvania Barge Club and the Argonauts, champions of the United States and Canada respectively.

It is a pleasure to note how, in smaller places than Toronto, such as Brockville and Winnipeg, the rowing

clubs and the winning crews are supported both by an enthusiastic following at every regatta where the local crews compete, and by liberal financial aid to the clubs. In Toronto, however, although the premier city of America, if

not of the world, in rowing and sculling, and the place where the world's greatest sculler, now "Alderman" Hanlan was born, the sport has practically no supporters, nor does it receive any encouragement outside of those immediately engaged therein and a mere handful of those who recognize the benefits that accrue to the young



TORONTO ROWING CLUB'S HOUSE."

men who follow acuquatics, the most healthful and enervating of all branches of athletics.

There is, in the writer's opinion, no way of showing an interest in the welfare of the younger generation, and in what would assist more than all other outdoor sports in building up a healthful and sturdy race of men, better than by the liberal support and encourage-

ment of rowing, and as a number of Canadian towns and cities have already among their prominent citizens those who realize this and show their appreciation of what the rowing clubs are doing for their young men, it is to be hoped that the prominent citizens of Toronto will, at no distant date, follow the good example of their brethren in the smaller towns.

R. K. Barker.

RECKLESS MARRIAGES.

FOR every true man and woman marriage is a step as potent as it is irrevocable. 'Tis pregnant with the destinies of both. For her, it is fate; for him, 'tis crowning wisdom or supreme folly—which, but time can tell.

Hasty marriages have strewn the seas of life with more wrecks than the skill of man can measure, or e'en compute. And yet to what end? None whatever! Shattered barques and gallant ships still go down unheeded, by thousands and by tens of thousands, alone, hopeless, and in vain; and new crafts but take their place, to try—as vainly—to face the gales and tempests, the driving seas and cruel blasts of a rash and foolish union.

The man and woman that wed in haste, with thoughtless vows that any whim may violate, have done but little better than to throw the crystal cup of life over the cliff of time, in the hope that in some soft and sheltered nook it may light unharmed. Then, hand in hand (if, perchance, the union be long enough), they hasten down to find—a myriad of scattered fragments!

Marriage should be something more than an experiment. It is not necessary that it be made in blindness, or founded on caprice or passion; it is not expedient that it should be ever a speculation and a venture—as one would dabb'e in wheat or gamble in stocks, and take one's chance. The dictates of delicacy, the poetry of love itself, do not require that prudence and foresight, or even the blunter hints of common sense, be entire strangers to the contract. To think the matter over beforehand is unworthy of no man; to consider the possibilities is not necessarily to prove your passion either timid, cold or mercenary; to reflect

before you act is no humiliation ; to pause before you plunge is not disgraceful.

And still to what end do we argue, plead or urge ? The same old recklessness holds sway, and we still get married—the great majority of us—a good deal as a child would dip its finger into water to find out if it is hot !

And generally it is very hot !

H. C. Boulbee.

THE SCHREBER GARDEN IDEA.

ONE of the most delightful efforts, based withal upon the simplest of plans, to obtain a breath of summer freshness and beauty for the wives and children of city workingmen, and to a certain extent also for the workingmen themselves, is the organization called the Schreber Garden Union, in and around the old romantic town of Leipzig in Germany. Schreber gardens, however, are no longer peculiar to Leipzig ; for since their first foundation some thirty years ago their agreeable presence has become marked in some fifteen or sixteen other German towns, while of late, it is reported, enquiries as to their success have been coming from both Old World and New World cities.

The Schreber Garden of to-day is primarily and essentially a democratic co-operative picnic or outing party. The aim of the organization is the better physical and moral education of children. To this end a closer sympathy between parents and school-teachers, between home and school, is sought. The garden consists of a piece of land leased, as a rule, for a term of years, seldom if ever owned outright by the organization, and situated in some district where both fresh air and real estate are plentiful ; therefore, generally, towards the outskirts of the city. Once probably a barren

strip, it is now become, through the industry of the members, a bower of green and shade, from which peep out the tiny rustic summerhouses (*Lusthäuser*), so dear to German housewives and tradition, and within whose limits scamper about after school hours and on holidays the members' "children." "Come, let our children live," is the simple and typical text of the first Schreber Garden Party.

It was in the spring of 1864 that Dr. Gottlieb Schreber, physician and travelling companion to a Russian nobleman, an enthusiast on the importance of games for children in the open, and author of a book on "*Gymnastik als Heilmittel*," brought about in Leipzig, with the aid of an able pedagogue, Dr. Ernst Hauschild, a modest organization of parents and teachers, with the object of providing more satisfactory playgrounds for the school children. This organization, called at first "school club" and "parents' and teachers' club," is the lineal ancestor of the present Garden Clubs. At the outset a block of land was obtained from the municipality at a nominal rent-charge, over which the members and their children held undisputed sway. In 1867 children's penny summer concerts were inaugurated. Efforts were also made to beautify the playground. To individual members, small garden

plots were rented out, which were soon covered with varied growths, while mulberry and other trees soon formed a pleasing enclosure, and afforded that measure of seclusion so conducive to unconstraint. The former procedure has been happy in arousing considerable interest amongst both parents and children in the intricacies of gardening; and a healthy rivalry has sprung up as to who can be the proud possessor of the most attractive plot. Interest and knowledge in this direction is further broadened by periodical lectures in popular form from reputable botanists and horticulturalists. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing, for instance, the Schreber Garden on the banks of the little Pleisse by Leipzig will agree on the uniqueness of results in the surpassing wealth of roses, which seem well nigh to overflow the very limits of the garden, and on the picturesqueness of the summerhouses where the wives and mothers sit and sew and chat, and drink their afternoon coffee. A more delightful impromptu "summer resort" for the older members of the family to repair to after working hours, where they can enjoy their evening meal till dusk, would be difficult to discover. Lectures, *e.g.*, on the education of children and on other topics of interest, are also arranged for, while, during both summer and winter months, concerts are not infrequent. For the special benefit of the boys and girls, the modest revenues from the sub-letting of the garden plots are devoted mostly to the purchase of gymnastic bars and swings, to the building of a play-house and the like. At times expression is given to other feelings and sympathies, and street arabs are gathered in and supplied with fun and food for the afternoon. This charity work,

in some few instances, has indeed become important enough to warrant the maintenance, for the time being, of a paid overseer.

In the case of the Pleisse Garden, the land is leased from the city, the lease running for twelve years. The association, which takes the form of a company with limited liability, but with unlimited membership, pays two per cent. interest on the market value of the land at time of lease. Members pay half-yearly a fee of twenty-five cents, and a penny, formerly four cents, per square yard per summer for garden rent. In 1896 there were 290 members, and 235 garden plots varying in size from 80 to 130 square yards. Special committees are struck on Gardens, on Play, and on Concerts. A caretaker is engaged at small salary as general supervisor. The financial satisfactoriness of the undertaking is sufficiently indicated by the large \$1,200 pavilion recently erected. In some of the other Schreber Gardens the membership is still larger. At present there are seven such gardens in the city of Leipzig alone.

This is in brief the Schreber Garden idea. It commends itself as an interesting and desirable plan. From a practical point of view it is the more possible in that it appeals directly to a class of citizens, our public school teachers, who because of their executive ability, their interest and connections, could doubtless assure such a scheme a considerable measure of success. The highly-valued Kinder-Garden we have adopted from the Germans; may not the Schreber-Garden be regarded as its admirable counterpart? But, as German experience goes to show, the plan may be rendered fruitful for other classes as well.

S. M. Wickett.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARDS BROS., VANCOUVER, B.C.

R. N. JOHNSTON AND JAKE GAUDAUR.

Gaudaur, the Champion Sculler of the World, defeated Johnston in a Match Race at Vancouver on August 4th.

These Photographs entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1897, at the Department of Agriculture, by EDWARDS BROS.

MR. GEDGE'S CATSPA.W.*

Another of the Famous Captain Kettle Stories.

CAPT. OWEN KETTLE folded the letter-card, put it in his pocket and relit his cigar. He drew paper towards him and took out a stub of pencil and tried to make verse, which was his habit when things were shaping themselves awry; but the rhymes refused to come. He changed the metre; he gave up labouring to fit the words to the air of "Swanee River," and started fresh lines which would go to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," a metre with which at other times he had been notoriously successful. But it failed him now. He could not get the jingle; spare feet bristled at every turn; and the field of poppies on which his muse was engaged became every moment more and more elusive.

It was no use. He put down the pencil and sighed; and then frowning at himself for his indecision, took out the letter-card again and deliberately re-read it, front and back.

Capt. Kettle was a man who made up his mind over most matters with the quickness of a pistol shot, and once settled, rightly or wrongly, he always stuck to his decision. But here, on the letter-card, was a matter he could not get the balance of at all; it refused to be dismissed, even temporarily, from his mind; it involved interests far too large to be hazarded by a hasty verdict either one way or the other, and the difficulty in coming to any satisfactory conclusion irritated him heavily.

The letter-card was anonymous, and seemed to present no clue to its authorship. It was typewritten; it was posted, as the stamp showed, in Newcastle; it committed its writer in no degree whatever. But it made statements which, if true, ought to have sent somebody to penal servitude, and it threw out hints which, true or untrue, made

Capt. Kettle heir to a whole world of anxiety and trouble.

It is an excellent academic rule to entirely disregard anonymous letters, but it is by no means always an easy rule to follow. And there are times when a friendly warning must be conveyed anonymously, or not at all. But Kettle did not worry his head about the ethics of anonymous letter-writing as a profession; his attention was taken up by this typewritten card from "Well Wisher," which he held in his hand.

"Your ship goes to sea never to reach port," he read. "There is an insurance robbery cleverly rigged. You think yourself very smart, I know, but this time you are being made a common gull of." And the writer wound up by saying: "I can't give you any hint of how it's going to be done. Only I know the game's fixed. So keep your weather eye skinned, and take the *Sultan of Labuan* safely out and back, and maybe you'll get something more solid than a drink. From Your Well Wisher."

Capt. Kettle was torn, as he read, by many conflicting sentiments. Loyalty to Mr. Gedge, his owner, was one of them. Gedge had sold him before, but that was in a way condoned by this present appointment to the *Sultan of Labuan*. And he wanted very much to know what were Mr. Gedge's wishes over the matter.

His own code of morality on this subject was peculiar. Ashore in South Shields, he was as honest as a bishop; he was a strict chapel member; he did not even steal matches from the captain's room at Hallett's, his house of call, which has always been accounted a recognized peculation. At sea he conceived himself to be bought body and soul by his owner for the time being;

* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

and was perfectly ready to risk body and soul in earning his pay. But the question was, How was this pay to be earned? Up till then he would have said, "By driving the *Sultan of Labuan* over the seas as fast as could be done on a given coal consumption; by ruthlessly keeping down expense; and, in fact, by making the steamer earn the largest possible dividend in the ordinary way of commerce." But this type-written letter-card hinted at other purposes, which he knew were quite within the bounds of possibility, and if he was being made into a catspaw—

He hit the unfinished poems on the table a blow with his fist. "By James!" he muttered. "A catspaw? I didn't think of it in that light before. Well, we'd better have a clear understanding about the matter."

He got up, crammed the blue letter-card into his pocket and took his cap. "My dear," he called down to Mrs. Kettle, who was engaged on the family wash in the kitchen below, "I've got to run up to the office to see Mr. Gedge. I don't think I quite understand his wishes about running the boat. Get your tea when it's ready; I don't want to keep you and the youngsters waiting."

Capt. Kettle thought out many things as he journeyed from South Shields to the grimy office of his employer in Newcastle, but his data were insufficient, and he was unable to get hold of any scheme by which he could safely approach what was, to say the very least of it, a very delicate subject. Mr. Gedge had hired him as captain of the *Sultan of Labuan*; had said no word about losing her; and how was he to force the man's confidence? It looked the most unpromising enterprise in the world. Moreover, although in the outer world he was as brave a fellow as ever lived, he had all a shipmaster's timidity at tackling a shipowner in his lair, and this, of course, handicapped him.

In this mood, then, he was ushered upon Gedge in his office, and saw him signing letters, and casting occasional sentences to a young woman who flicked them down in shorthand.

The shipowner frowned. He was very busy. "Well, captain," he said, "what is it? Talk ahead. I can listen whilst I sign these letters."

"It's a private question I'd like to ask you about running the boat."

"Want Miss Payne to go out?"

"If I might trouble her so far."

Gedge jerked his head toward the door. "Type out what you've got," he said. The shorthand writer went out and closed the glass door after her. "Now, Kettle."

Capt. Kettle hesitated. It was an awkward subject to begin upon.

"Now, then, captain, out with it quick. I'm in the devil of a hurry!"

"I wish you'd let me know a little more exactly—in confidence, of course,—how you wish me to run this steamboat. Do you want me to—I mean—"

"Well, get on, get on."

"When do you want her back?"

Gedge leaned back in his chair, tapped his teeth with the end of his pen. "Look here, captain," he said, "you didn't come here to talk rot like this. You've had your orders already. You aren't a drinking man, or I'd say you were screwed. So there's something else behind. Come, out with it."

"I hardly know how to begin."

"I don't want rhetoric. If you've got a tale, tell it, if not"—Mr. Gedge leaned over his desk again and went on signing his letters.

Capt. Kettle stood the rudeness without so much as a flush. He sighed a little, and then, after another few moments' thought, took the letter card from his pocket and laid it on his employer's table. After Gedge had coned through and signed a couple more sheets, he took the card up in his fingers and skimmed it through.

As he read the colour deepened in his face, and Kettle saw that he was moved, but said nothing. For a moment there was silence between them, and Gedge tapped at his teeth and was apparently lost in thought. Then he said:

"Where did you get this?"

"Through the post."

"And why did you bring it to me?"

"I thought you might have something to say about it."

"Shown it to any one else?"

"No, sir; I'm in your service and earning your pay."

"Yes, I pulled you out of the gutter again quite recently, and you said you'd be able to get your wife's clothes out of pawn with your advance note."

"I'm very grateful to you for giving me the berth, sir, and I shall be a faithful servant to you as long as I'm in your employ. But if there's anything on I'd like to be in your confidence. I know she isn't an old ship, but——"

"But what?"

"She's uneconomical. Her engines are old-fashioned. It wouldn't pay to fit her with triple expansions and new boilers."

"I see. You appear to know a lot about the ship, captain—more than I do myself, in fact. I know you're a small tin saint when you're within hail of that Ebenezer or Bethel, or whatever you call it here ashore, but at sea you've got the name for not being over particular."

"At sea," said the little sailor with a sigh, "I am what I have to be. I couldn't do that. I am a poor man, sir, I'm pretty nearly a desperate man, but there are some kind of things that are beyond me. I know it's done often enough, but—you'll have to excuse me. I can't lose her for you."

"Who's asking you?" said Gedge cheerily. "I'm not. Don't jump at conclusions, man. I don't want the *Sultan of Labuan* lost. She's not my best ship, I'll grant, but I can run her at a profit for all that, and even if I couldn't, I'm not the sort of man to try and make my dividends out of Lloyds'. No, not by any means, captain; I've got my name to keep up."

Capt. Kettle brought up a sigh of relief. "Glad to hear it, sir; I'm glad to hear it. But I thought it best to leave it out with you. That beastly letter upset me."

Gedge laughed slyly. "Well, if you want to know who wrote the letter, I did myself."

Kettle stared. He was obviously incredulous.

"Well, to be accurate, I did it by deputy. You hae yer doots, eh? Hang it, man, what an unbelieving Jew you are——" He pressed one of the electric pushes by the side of his desk, and the shorthand writer came in and stood at the doorway. "Miss Payne, you typed this letter card, didn't you?" and Miss Payne dutifully answered; "Yes."

"Thank you. That'll do. Well, Kettle, I hope you are satisfied now? I sent this blessed card because I wanted to see how deep this shore-going honesty of yours went, which I've heard so much about; and now I know, and you may take it from me that you'll profit by it financially in the very near future. The ship masters I've had to do with have been mostly rogues, and when I get hold of a straight man, I know how to appreciate him. Now, good-by, captain, and a prosperous voyage to you. If you catch the midnight mail to-night from here you'll just get down to Newport to-morrow in time to see her come into dock. Take her over at once, you know; we can't have any time wasted. Here, good-by, I'm frantically busy."

But, busy though he might be, Mr. Gedge did not immediately return to signing his letters after Capt. Kettle's departure. Instead, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead, and wiped his hands, which for some reason seemed to have grown unaccountably clammy, and for a while he lay back in his writing chair like a man who feels physically sick.

Capt. Kettle, however, went his way humming a cheerful air, and as the o'clock mail roared out that night across the high-level bridge, he settled himself to sleep in his corner of a third-class carriage and to dream the dreams of a man who, after many vicissitudes, has at last found righteous employment. It was a new experience for him, and he permitted himself the luxury of enjoying it to the full.

A train clattered him into Monmouthshire some twelve hours later, and he stepped out on Newport platform into a

fog, raw and fresh from the Bristol channel. His small, worn portmanteau he could easily have carried in his hand; but there is an etiquette about these matters which even the hard-up ship masters to whom a shilling is a financial rarity must observe; and so he took a four-wheeler down to the agent's office and made himself known. The *Sultan of Labuan*, it seemed, had come up the Usk and gone into dock barely an hour before, and so Kettle, obedient to his orders, went down at once to take her over.

It was not a pleasant operation, this ousting another man from his livelihood, and as Kettle had been supplanted a weary number of times himself, he thought he knew pretty well the feelings of the man whom he had come to replace. His reception, however, surprised him. Williams, the former master of the *Sultan of Labuan*, handed over his charge with an air of obvious and sincere relief, and Kettle felt that he was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not disposed to be verbally communicative.

"You look knocked up," said Kettle.

"Might well be," retorted Capt. Williams. "I haven't had a blessed wink of sleep since I pulled my anchors out of Thames mud."

"Not had bad weather, have you?"

"No, weather's been right enough. Bit thickish, that's all."

"What's kept you from having a watch below, then?"

"'Fraid of losing the ship, captain. I never been up before the Board of Trade yet, and don't want to try what it feels like."

"O," said Kettle with a sigh, "it's horrible; they're brutes. I know. I have been there."

"So I might have guessed," said Williams drily.

"Look here," said Kettle, "what are you driving at?"

"No offense, captain, no offense. I'll just shut my head now. Guess I've been talking too much already. Result of being overtired, I suppose. Let's

get on with the ship's papers. They're all in this tin box."

"But I'd rather you said out what you got to say."

"Thanks, captain, but no. This is the first time we've met, I think."

"So far as I remember."

"Well, there you are then; personally you no doubt are a very nice, pleasant gentleman, but still there's no getting over the fact that you're a stranger to me; and anyway you're in Gedge's employ, and I'm not; and there's a law of libel in this country which gets up and hits you whether you are talking truth or lies."

"English laws are beastly, and that's a fact."

"Reading about them in the paper's quite enough for me. Now, captain, suppose we go ashore with these papers and I can sign off and you can sign on. Afterwards we'll have a drop of whiskey together, if you like, just to show there's no ill-will."

"You are very polite, captain," said Kettle. "I'm sure I don't like the notion of stepping in to take away your employment. But if it hadn't been me he'd have got some one else."

The other turned on him quickly.

"Don't think you're doing me a bad turn, captain, because you aren't. I was never so pleased to step out of a chart-house in my life. Only thing is, I hope I aren't doing you a bad turn by letting you step in."

"By James!" said Kettle, "do speak plain, captain; don't go on hinting like this."

"I am maundering on too much, captain, and that's a fact. Result of being about tired out, I suppose. But you must excuse me speaking further; there's that blasted libel law to think about. Now, captain, here's the key of the chart-house door, and if you'll let me I'll go out first, and you can lock it behind you. You'll find one of the tumblers beside the water bottle, broken; it fell out of my hand this morning just after I'd docked her; but all the rest is according to the inventory; and I'll knock off threepence for the tumbler when we square up."

They plunged straightway into the aridities of business, and kept at it till the captaincy had been formally laid down and handed over, and then the opportunity for further revelations was gone. Capt. Williams was clearly worn out with weariness; responsibility had kept him going till then, but now that responsibility had ended, he was like a man in a trance. His eyes drooped; his knees failed drunkenly; he was past speech; and if Kettle had not by main force dragged him off to bed at a temperance hotel, he would have toppled down incontinently and slept like one dead in the gutter. As it was, he lay on the counterpane in the heaviest of sleep, the picture of a strong man worn out with watching and labour, and for a minute or so Kettle stood beside the bed and gazed upon him thoughtfully.

"By James!" he muttered, "if I could make you speak, captain, I believe you could tell a queerish tale."

But Kettle did not loiter by this taciturn bedside. He had signed on as master of the *Sultan of Labuan*; he was in Mr. Gedge's employ, and earning Gedge's pay, and every minute wasted on a steamer means money lost. He went briskly across to the south dock, and set the machinery of business to work without delay. There was grumbling from both mates, engineers and crew that they had been given leisure for scarcely a breath of shore air, but Kettle was not a man who courted popularity from his underlings by offering them indulgences. He stated that their duty was to get the water ballast out, and the coal under the hatches in the shortest time on record, and mentioned that he was the man who would see it done.

The men grumbled, of course; behind their driver's back they swore; two deck hands and three of the stoke hold crew deserted, leaving their wages, and were replaced by others from the shipping office; and still the work went remorselessly on under the gray glow of the fog so long as daylight lasted, and then under the glare of raw electric arc lamps. The air was full of gritty dust and the roar of falling coal. A waggon

was shunted up, dandled aloft in hydraulic arms, ignominiously emptied end-first and then put to ground again and petulantly sent away to find a fresh load, whilst its successor was being nursed and relieved. Two hundred tons to the hour was what that hydraulic staith could handle, but for all that it did not break the coal unduly.

In the forehold the trimmers gasped and choked as they steered the black avalanches into place, and presently another of the huge staithes crawled up along the dock wall, with a gasping tank-loco and a train of waggons in attendance, and then the *Sultan of Labuan* was being loaded through the after-hatch also. It was a triumph of machinery and organization, and tired men in a dozen departments cursed Kettle for keeping them at such a remorseless pressure over their tasks.

Down to her fresh-water Plimsoll the steamer was sunk, and then the loading ceased. Even Kettle did not dare to overload. He knew quite well that there were the jealous eyes of a seamen and firemen's union official watching him from somewhere on the quays, and if she was trimmed an inch above her marks the *Sultan of Labuan* would never be let go through the outer dock gate. So the burden was limited to its legal bounds, and Kettle got his clearance papers with the same fierce, businesslike bustle, and came back and stepped lightly up on the tramp's upper bridge.

The pilot was there waiting for him, half admiring, half repelled; the old blue-faced mate and the carpenter were on the forecastle head, the second mate was aft, the chief himself and the third engineer were at the throttle and the reversing gear below. The ship's entire complement had quite surrendered to the sway of this new taskmaster, and stood in their coal grime and their tiredness ready to jump at his bidding.

Bristol channel tides are high, and the current of the Usk is swift. It was going to be quick work if they did not miss the tide, and the pilot, who had no special stake in the matter, said it

could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in consequence saw some seamanship which gave him chills down the back.

"By gum, captain," he said when they were fairly out of the river, "you can handle her."

"Wait till I know her, pilot, and then I'll show you."

"Haven't got nerves enough. Look you, captain, you'll be having a bad crumple-up if you bustle a big loaded steamboat about docks at that rate."

"Never bent a plate in my life."

"Well, I hope you never will. Look you now; you're a little tin wonder in the way of seamanship."

"Quartermaster," said Kettle, "tell my steward to bring two goes of whiskey up here on the bridge. Pilot, if you say such things to me, you make me feel like a girl with a new dress, and I want a drop of Dutch courage to keep my blushes back."

"Well," said the pilot, when the whiskey came, "here's lots of cargo, captain, of good bonuses."

"Here's deep-draft steamers for you, pilot, and plenty of water under 'em."

The whiskey drained down its appointed channels, and the pilot said, "By the by, I've this for you, captain," and brought out a letter and card.

"Typewritten address," said Kettle.

"No postmark on the stamp. Who's it from?"

"Man I came across. Look you, though, I didn't know him. But he said there was a useful tip in the letter which it would please you to have after you sailed."

Kettle tore off the perforated edges and looked inside the card. Here was another anonymous communication, also from "Well Wisher," and, as before, warning him against the machinations of Gedge. "Got no idea who the man was who gave it you?" he asked.

Well, I did have a bit of talk with him and a drink, and I rather gathered he might have had something to do with insurance. But he didn't say his name. Why, isn't he a friend of yours?"

"I rather think he is," said Kettle, "but I can't be quite sure yet." He did not add that the anonymous writer guaranteed him a present of £50 if the *Sultan of Labuan* drew no insurance money till he had moored her in Port Said.

From the very outset the voyage of the *Sultan of Labuan* was unpropitious. Before she was clear of the Usk it was found that three more of her crew had managed to slip away ashore, and so were gone beyond replacement. Whilst she was still in the brown, muddy waters of the Bristol channel, there were several breakdowns in the engine room which necessitated stoppages and anxious repairs. The engines of the *Sultan of Labuan* were her weak spot, for otherwise her hull was sound enough. But these machines were old, and wasteful in steam, and made all the difference in economy which divides a profit from a loss in these modern days of fierce sea competition.

With Murgatroyd, the old blue-faced mate, Kettle had been shipmates before, and there existed between the two men a strong dislike, and a certain mutual esteem. They interviewed over duty matters when the pilot left. "Mr. Murgatroyd," said the little skipper, "you'll keep hatches off and do everything for ventilation. This Welsh coal's as gassy as petroleum."

"Aye, aye," rambled the mate.

"But how about when heavy weather comes and the decks are full of water?"

"You'll have fresh orders from me before then. Get your hoses to work now and sluice down. The ship's a pigsty."

"Aye, aye. But the hands are dog-tired."

"Then it's your place to drive them. I should have thought you'd been long enough at sea to know that. But if you aren't up to your business, just say, and I'll swap you over with the second mate right now."

The old mate's face grew purple. "If you want a driver," he said "you shall have one." And with that he went his way and roused the tired deck

hands to work after the time-honoured methods.

But if Capt. Kettle did not spare his crew he was equally hard on himself. He was at sea now, and wearing his sea-going conscience, which was an entirely different piece of mental mechanism to that which regulated his actions ashore. He had received Mr. Gedge's precise instructions to run the coal boat in the ordinary method, and he intended to do it relentlessly and to the letter. He had had his doubts about Mr. Gedge's real wishes before, and even the episode of Miss Payne, the typewriter, had not altogether deceived him. But the second letter from "Well Wisher" which the pilot brought on board cleared the matter up beyond a doubt. There was not the faintest chance that Gedge had written that; there was not the faintest reason to disbelieve now that Gedge wished his uneconomical steamboat off his hands, and had arranged for her never again to come into port.

Now, properly approached—say with sealed orders to be opened only at sea—I think there is very little doubt but what Capt. Kettle would have undertaken to carry out this piece of nefarious business himself. The average mariner thinks no more of "making the insurance pay" than the average traveller does of robbing his fellow-countrymen by the importation of Belgian cigars and Tauchnitz novels from the Channel packet. And with Kettle, too, loyalty to an employer, so long as that employer treated him squarely, ranked high. But for a second time "Well Wisher" had repeated the word "catpaw," and for his purpose he could not have used a better spur.

The little captain's face grew grim as he read it. "By James!" he muttered, "if that's the game he's trying to play, I'll make him rue it."

However, though at the beginning of a voyage it may be easy to make a resolve like this, it is not so easy to carry it into practical effect. If the machinery was on board, human, or otherwise, for making the *Sultan of Labuan*

fail to reach port, it was not at all probable that Kettle would find it before he saw it in working order. When arrangements for a bit of barratry of this kind are gone about nowadays, they are performed with shrewdness. Your ingenious gentleman who makes a devil of a clock-work and gun-cotton to blow out a steamer's bottom, or makes a compact with one of her crew to open the bilge-cocks, is dexterous enough to cover up his trail very completely, having a wholesome awe of the law of the land and a large distaste for penal servitude.

Moreover, Owen Kettle was not the man to receive gratuitous information on such points from his underlings. To begin with, he was the *Sultan of Labuan's* captain, and by the immemorial etiquette of the sea a ship's captain is always a man socially apart. He is a dictator for the time being, with supreme power of life and death, is addressed as "Sir," and would be regarded with social awe and coldness by his own brother, if the said brother were on board as one of the mates or one of the assistant engineers. With the chief engineer alone, although he does not sit at meat with him, may a merchant captain unbend; and with the chief of the *Sultan of Labuan*, Kettle had picked a difference over a commission on bunkering not ten minutes after he had first stepped on board. He had the undoubted knack of commanding men; he could look exactly after his employer's property; but he had an unfortunate habit of making himself hated in the process.

Over that initial episode of washing the coal grime from the ship's outer fabric, he had already come into intimate contact with his crew. The tired deck hands had refused duty; clumsy old Murgatroyd had endeavoured to force them into it by the time-honoured methods, and had been knocked down in the scuffle, and trampled on; when up came Kettle, already spruce and clean, and laid impartially into the whole grimy gang of them with a deck scrubber. They were new to their little skipper's virtues, and thought at first

that they would treat him as they had already treated the fat old mate, and as a consequence bleeding faces and cracked heads were plentiful, and curses went up, bitter and deep, in half the tongues of Europe. But Kettle still remained spruce, and clean, and aggressive and untouched.

It takes some art to thoroughly thrash a dozen savage full-grown men with a light broom without breaking the stick or knocking off the head, and the crew of the *Sultan of Labuan* were not slow to recognize their captain's ability. But at the same time they were not inspired with any over-powering love for him. In the course of that night an iron belaying pin whisked up out of the darkness and knocked off his cap as he stood on the upper bridge; and just before the dawn a chunk of coal whizzed up and smashed itself into splinters on the wheelhouse wall, not an inch from his ear. But as Capt. Kettle replied to the first of these compliments by three prompt revolver shots almost before the thrower had time to think, and rushed out and caught his second assailant by the neck scruff, and forced him to eat every scrap of coal that had been thrown, the all-nation crew decided that he was too ugly to tackle usefully, and tacitly agreed to let him alone for the future, and to do their lawful work. The which, of course, was exactly what Kettle desired.

By this time the *Sultan of Labuan* had run down the Cornish coast, had rounded Land's End, and was standing off on a course which would make Finisterre her next landfall. The glass was sinking steadily; the seascape was made up of blacks and whites, and lurid greys; but, though the air was cold and raw, the weather was not any worse than need have been expected for the time of year. The hatches were off, and a good strong smell of coal gas billowed up from below and mingled with the sea scents.

With all a northern sailor's distrust for a "Dago," Kettle had spotted his spruce young Italian second mate as Gedge's probable tool, and watched

him like the apple of his eye. No man's actions could have been more innocent and normal, and this, of course, made things all the more suspicious. The engineer staff, who had access to bilge-cocks, and could arrange disasters to machinery, were likewise *ex-officio* suspicious persons; but as it was quite impossible to overlook them at all hours and on all occasions, he had regretfully to take them very largely on trust.

Blundering, incompetent old Murgatroyd, the mate, was the only man on board in whose honesty Kettle had the least faith, simply because he considered him too stupid to be entrusted with any operation so delicate as bar-ratry, and to Murgatroyd he more or less confided his intentions.

"I hear there's a scheme on board to scuttle this steamboat," he said, "because she's too expensive to run. Well, Mr. Gedge, the owner, gave me orders to run her, and he told me he made a profit on her. I'm going by Mr. Gedge's words, and I'm going to take her to Port Said. And let me tell you this: If she stops anywhere on the road, and goes down, all hands go down with her, even if I have to shoot them myself. So they'd better hear what's in the wind, and have a chance to save their own skins. You understand what I mean?"

"Aye," grunted the mate.

"Well, just let word of it slip out—in the right way, you understand?"

"Aye, aye. Hadn't we better get them hatches on and battened down? She's shipping it green pretty often now, and the weather's worsening. There's a good slop of water getting down below, and they say it's all the bilge-pumps can do to keep it under."

"Mrs. Meddle Murgatroyd," Kettle snapped, "are you master of this blame ship or am I? You leave me to give my orders when I think fit, and get down off this bridge."

"Aye," grunted the mate, and waddled clumsily down below.

The old man's suggestion about the hatches had touched upon a sore point. Kettle knew quite well that it

was dangerous to leave the great gaps in the decks undefended by planking and tarpaulin. A high sea was running, and the heavily laden coal boat rode both deep and sodden. Already he had put her a point and a half to westward of her course, so as to take the oncoming seas more fairly on the bow.

But still he hung on to the open hatches. The coal below was gassy to a degree, and if the ventilation was stopped it would be terribly liable to explosion. The engine and boiler-rooms were bulkheaded off, and there was no danger from these; but the subtle coal gas would spread over all the rest of the vessel's living quarters—as the smell hinted—and a carelessly lit match might very comfortably send the whole of her decks hurtling into the air. Kettle had no wish to meet Mr. Gedge's unspoken wishes by an accident of this sort.

However, it began to be plain that as they drew nearer to the bay the weather grew worse steadily, and at last it came to be a choice between battening down the hatches both forward and aft, or being incontinently swamped. Hour after hour Kettle, in his glistening oilskins, had been stumping backward and forward across the upper bridge, watching his steamboat like a cat, and holding on with his order till the very last moment. But at last he gave the command to batten down, and both watches rushed to help the carpenter carry it out. The men were horribly frightened. It seemed to them that in that gale, and with that sea running, it was insane not to have battened her down long before.

The hands clustered on the lurching iron decks with the water swirling against them waist-high, and shipped the heavy hatch covers and got the tarpaulins over, and then the Norwegian carpenter keyed all fast with the wedges, working like some amphibious animal, half his time under water.

The *Sultan of Labuan* was fitted with no cowl ventilators to her holds, and even if these had been fitted they would

have been carried away. So from the moment of battening down the gas which oozed from the coal mixed with the air till the whole ship became one huge explosive bomb, which the merest spark would touch off. Capt. Kettle called his mate to him and gave explicit orders.

"You know what a powder hulk is like, Mr. Mate?"

"Aye," said Murgatroyd.

"Well, this ship is a sight more dangerous, and we have got to take care if we do not want to go to heaven quick. It's got to be 'all lights out' aboard this ship till the weather eases, and we can get hatches off again. Go round now and see it done yourself, Mr. Murgatroyd, please. Watch the doctor douse the galley fire, and then go and take away all the fore-castle matches so the men can't smoke. Put out the side lights, the mast head light and the binnacle lamps. The quarter-masters must steer as best they can from the unlit card."

"Aye, aye. But you don't mean the side lights, too, do ye? There's a big lot of shipping here in the bay, and we might easy get run down—" The old man caught an ugly look from Kettle's face and broke off. And grumbling some ancient saw about "obeying orders if you break owners," he shuffled off down the ladder.

Heavier and heavier grew the squalls, carrying with them spendthrift which beat like gravel against the two oil-skinned tenants of the collier's upper bridge; worse and worse grew the sea. Great green waves reared up like walls, crashed on board and filled the lower decks with boiling, yeasty surge. The funnel stays and the scanty rigging hummed like harpstrings to the gale. Deep though she was in the water, there were times when her stern heaved up clear, and the propeller raced in a noisy catherine wheel of fire and foam. On every side, ahead, abeam and astern, were nodding yellow lights jerked about by unseen ships over thunderous, unseen waves. It was a regular Biscay gale, such as all vessels may count on in that corner of the seas

one voyage out of eight, a gale with heavy seas in the midst of a dense crowd of shipping. But there was nothing in it, which seamanship, under ordinary circumstances, could not meet.

Capt. Kettle hung an hour after hour under shelter of the dodgers on the upper bridge, a small wind-brushed figure in yellow oilskins and black rubber thigh boots. About such a "breeze" in an ordinary way he would have thought little. Taking his vessel through it with the minimum of danger was only part of the daily mechanical routine. But he stood there, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. The thousand and one dangers in the bay appeared before him magnified. If the ship for any sudden and unavoidable reason went down, the odds were that he himself and all hands would be drowned; but at the same time Gedge would be gratified in so easily touching the coveted insurance money. The fear of death did not worry the little skipper in the very least degree whatever; but he had a most thorough objection to being in any way Mr. Gedge's catspaw.

Twice they had near escapes from being run down. The first time was from a sodden, blundering Cardiff ore steamer, which was driving north through the thick of it, with very little of herself showing except two stumpy masts and a brine-washed smokestack. She would have obviously drowned out any lookout on her fore deck, and the bridge officers got too much spindrift in their eyes to see with any clearness. But time is money, and even Cardiff ore steamers must make passages, and so her master drove her blindly ahead full steam, slapslop-wallow, and trusted that other people would get out of his way.

Kettle's keen eyes picked her up out of the sea mists just in time, and ported his own helm, and missed her sheering bow with the *Sultan of Labuan's* quarter by a short two fathoms. A touch in that insane turmoil of sea would have sent both steamers down to the shells and the flickering weed below; but there was no touch, and so each went her way with merely a perfunctory in-

terchange of curses, which were blown into nothingness by the gale. Escapes on these occasions don't count, and it is etiquette not to speak about them ashore afterwards.

The second shave came from a big, white-painted Cape liner, which came up from astern, lit like a theatre, and almost defying the very gale itself. Her lookouts and officers were on the watch for lights. But the unlit collier, which was half her time masked by the seas like a half-tide rock, never struck their notice.

Kettle, with all a shipmaster's sturdy dislike for shifting his helm when he legally had the right of the road, held on till the great knife-like bow was not a score of yards from his taffrail. But then he gave way, roared out an order to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the *Sultan of Labuan* fell away to port. As if the coal boat had been a magnet, the Cape liner followed, drawing nearer hand over fist.

Changing direction further was as dangerous as keeping on as he was, so Kettle bawled to the quartermaster to "steady on that," and then the great white steam-hotel suddenly seemed to wake to her danger and swerved off on her old course again. So close were they that Kettle fancied he could hear the quick, agitated rattle of her wheel engines as they gave her a "hard down" helm. And he certainly saw officers on her high upper-bridge end, peering at him through the drifting sea-smoke with a curiosity that was more than pleasant.

"Trying to pick out the old tub's name," he mused grimly, "so as to report me for carrying no lights. By James! I wish some of those dandy passenger-boat officers could try this low down end of the tramping trade for a bit."

Night went and day came, gray and wet and desolate. The heavier squalls had passed away, but a whole gale still remained, and the sea was, if anything, heavier. The coal boat rarely showed all of herself at once above the water. Her progress was a succession of dives, her decoration (when she was vis-

ible) a fringe of spouting scruppers. Watch had succeeded watch with the dogged patience of sailormen, but watch after watch Kettle hung on behind the canvas dodgers at the weather end of the bridge. He was red-eyed and white-cheeked, his torpedo beard was foul with sea salt, he was unpleasant to look upon, but he was undeniably very much awake, and when the accident came (which he concluded was Mr. Gedge's effort to realize the coal boat's insurance) he was quite ready to cope with emergencies.

From somewhere in the bowels of the ship there came the muffled boom of an explosion; the bridge sprang up beneath his feet so that he was very nearly wrenched from his hold, and the iron main deck, which at that moment happened to be free of water, ripped and heaved as a tin biscuit box moves when it is kicked. There was a tinkle of broken glass as some blown-out sky-lights crashed back upon the deck.

He looked forward and he looked aft, and to his surprise saw that both hatches were still in place, and that very little actual damage was visible, and then he had his attention occupied by another matter. From the stokehold, from the fore-castle and from the engine room the frightened crew poured out into the open, and some scared wretch cried out to "lower away zem boats."

Here was a situation that needed dealing with at once, and Kettle was the man to do it. From beneath his oilskins he lugged out the revolver which they knew so painfully already, and showed it with ostentation. "By James!" he shouted, "do you want to be taught who's captain here? I'll give cheap lessons if you ask."

His words reached them above the hooting and brawl of the gale, and they were cowed into sullen obedience.

"Carpenter, take a couple of men and away below with you and see what's broke. You blessed split-trousered me-

chanics, away down to your engine room or I'll come and kick you there. The second mate and his watch get tarpaulins over those broken skylights. Where's Mr. Murgatroyd? In his bunk, I suppose, as usual; not his watch; no affair of his if the ship's blown to heaven when he's off duty. Here, you steward, go and root out Mr. Murgatroyd."

The men bustled about after their errands, and the engines, which had stopped for a minute, began to rumble on again. Capt. Kettle paraded the swaying bridge and awaited developments.

Presently a bare-headed steward fought his way up the bridge ladder against the tearing wind, and bawled out some startling news: "It's Mr. Murgatroyd's room that's been blown up, sir; made a 'orrid mess of; Chips says 'e picked up 'is lighted pipe in the alley-way, sir, an' it must 'a' been that that fired the gas."

"The blamed old thick-head!" said Kettle, savagely.

"'E was arskin' for you, sir, was the mate, though we couldn't rightly make out what 'e said."

"He won't be pleased to see me. Smoking, by James, was he!"

"The mate's burnt up, like a piece of coke," said the steward, persuasively. "'E can't last long. It's a marvel 'ow 'e's alive at all, sir!"

The carpenter came up on the bridge. "Dose blow-up was not so bad for der ole ship, sir. She nod got any plates started dot I can see. Dey have der bilge-pumps running, but dere's nod much water. Und der mate, sir. He say he vould like to see you. He's in ver' bad way."

"All right!" said Kettle, "I'll go and see him. He called up the Italian second mate on to the bridge and gave over charge of the ship to him, and then went below. The gas explosion had made havoc of all woodwork and fittings, but apparently the iron sheathing of the ship was still undamaged. The scare of the crew was quieting down, and with the sailor's instinct of tidyness they were commencing to make

fast the larger fragments of wreckage which were rattling about amongst the slop of water, and coal, and broken crockery, to the dancings of the ship.

The author of all the mischief, the stupid old man who, through sheer crass ignorance had gone to bed and smoked a pipe in this powder magazine, lay horribly injured in the littered alleyway, with a burst straw cushion under the shocking remnants of his head. Most of his injuries were plain to the eye, and it was a marvel that he lingered on at all. It was very evident that he could not live for long, and it was clear, too, that he wanted to speak.

Kettle's resentment died at the sight of this poor charred cinder of humanity, and he knelt in the litter and listened. The sea noises and the ship noises without almost drowned the words, and the old mate's voice was very weak. It was only here and there he could pick up a sentence.

"Nearly got to wind'ard of you, skipper. It was me—Gedge paid me £50 for the job—scuttle her—after Gib—would 'a' done it too—in spite of your teeth."

The old fellow broke off, and Kettle leaned near to him. "How were you going to scuttle her?" he asked.

There was no answer. A second time he repeated the question, and then again a third time. The mate heard him. The sea roared outside, the wind boomed overhead, the cluttered wreckage clanged about the alleyway. The old man was past speech, but he opened an eye, his one remaining eye, and slowly and solemnly winked.

It was his one recorded attempt at humour during a lifetime, and the effort

was his last. His jaw dropped, wagging to the thud of the ship, his eye opened in a glassy, unseeing stare, and he was as dead a thing as the iron deck he lay upon.

"Well, matey," said Kettle, apostrophizing the poor charred form, "we've been shipmates before and I never liked you. But, by James, you had your points. You shall be buried by a pukka parson in Gib. and have a stone put over your ugly old head if I have to pay for it myself. I think I can hammer out a bit of verse, too, which'll make that stone a thing people will remember."

"By James, though, won't Gedge be mad over this! Gedge will think I spotted the game you were playing for him, and murdered you out of hand. Well, that's all right, and it won't hurt you, matey. I want Gedge to understand I'm a man that's got to be dealt straight with. I want Mr. Blessed Gedge to understand that I'm not the kind of lamb to make into a catspaw by any manner of means. I bet he does tumble to that, too. But I bet also that he sacks me from this berth before I've got the coals over into the lighters of Port Said. By James! yes. Gedge is a man that sticks to his plans, and as he can't lose the *Sultan of Labuan* with me as her skipper, he'll jerk another old man into the chart house on the end of a wire, who'll do the job more to his satisfaction."

The Norwegian carpenter came up and asked a question.

"No, no, Chips; put the canvas away, I want you to knock up some sort of a box for the poor old mate, and we'll take him to Gib. and plant him there in style. I owe him a bit. We'll all get safe enough to Port Said now."

Cutcliffe Hyne.



THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (186-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

XII.—THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, (1864-1873)—*Concluded.*

9.—COMPLETION OF THE CANADIAN FEDERATION BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

THE Government and Parliament to whom were intrusted the destinies of the Federation of four provinces, from 1867 until 1873 had a great work to accomplish in the way of perfecting and extending the Dominion which was necessarily incomplete whilst its western territorial limits were confined to the boundaries of Ontario, and the provinces of British Columbia on the Pacific coast and of Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, remained in a position of isolation. The provisions of the British North America Act of 1867 provided in general terms for the addition of the immense territories which extend north-westerly from Lake Superior as far as the Rocky Mountains, and comprise a great wealth of prairie lands, whose luxuriant grasses and wild flowers were only crushed for centuries by the tread of herds of innumerable buffalos on their way to the tortuous and sluggish streams which flow through that wide region. These territories consist of a vast interior cretaceous plain—a large part of which—probably the whole of Manitoba—was a glacial lake in the early stages of the formation of this continent. This plain slopes gently towards the Arctic seas into which its waters flow, and is also remarkable for rising gradually from its eastern limits in three distinct elevations or *steppes* as far as the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Forests of trees—small for the most part—are only found when the prairies are left and we reach the more picturesque undulating country through which the North Saskatchewan flows. Another extraordinary feature of this great region is the continuous chain of lakes and rivers which stretches from the basin of the St. Lawrence as far as the distant northern sea into which the Mackenzie, the second largest river in America, carries its enormous volume of waters. As we stand on the rugged height of land which divides the Winnipeg from the Laurentian basin we are within easy reach of rivers which flow—some to the Arctic seas, some to the Atlantic and some to the Gulf of Mexico. If we ascend the Saskatchewan River from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains we shall find ourselves within a measurable distance of the sources of the Mackenzie, one of whose tributaries reaches the headwaters of the Yukon—a river of golden promise like the Pactolus of eastern lands—but also of the rapid Columbia and still more impetuous Fraser which pour into the Pacific ocean, as well as of the Missouri, which here accumulates strength for its alliance with the Mississippi, that great artery of a more southern land. Dr. Samuel Dawson, in his scholarly book on the geography of Canada, recalls the fact that this is "the critical geographical point of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, the 'Two Streams,' from whence he has drawn a deep moral lesson."

"Yon stream whose sources run,
Turned by a pebble's edge,
To Athabaska rolling towards the sun,
Through the cleft mountain edge.

"The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

"So from the heights of will,
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.

"From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea."

In a previous paper of this series I have shown that the French Canadian gentlemen-adventurers, La Verendryes, built forts on the rivers that flow into Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and even found their way to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. During the days of the French *regime* the French occupied, and held for a short time, the posts which the great Company of Adventurers, chartered by King Charles II., had erected on the dreary shores of Hudson's Bay as stations for the rich trade in furs which they have ever since carried on in that region. Then, when England became supreme in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and in the territories which stretched north and west indefinitely, the Company were the sole sovereigns of a region which they valued only as a fur preserve until they had for rivals the Northwest Company, whose principal members were Montreal merchants. The Hudson's Bay Company's business was done by way of York Factory on Hudson's Bay, and the Northwest Company's by way of Montreal and the Grand Portage from Lake Superior. Alexander Mackenzie, a partner of the latter Company, was the first European to discover the mighty river which still bears his name, and at a later date to cross the Rocky Mountains and reach the Pacific shores. Other members of the same enterprising body of traders followed the Columbia and Fraser—which bears the name of one of those pioneers—and established posts by the Mackenzie and in other distant parts of the "Great Lone Land." In the beginning of the present century an enterprising Scotchman, Lord Selkirk,

who was an enthusiastic promoter of colonization, obtained an immense tract of valuable land in the Red River country from the Hudson's Bay Company, and made strenuous efforts to establish a settlement of his countrymen and others along the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. But his exertions to people Assiniboia—the Indian name he gave to his wide domain—were rendered entirely useless for years on account of the fierce opposition of the employees of the Northwest Company, who recognized the danger to which their fur-trading interests were exposed by this colonizing scheme. The quarrel between the Hudson's Bay Company's people and the Northwesters, chiefly composed of French-Canadians and half-breeds, culminated in the massacre of Governor Semple and some others. It was not until 1817 that Lord Selkirk established his colony, but it never reached any large proportions, and was soon lost to sight when its promoter died, and the two Companies, almost ruined by their rivalry, amalgamated and bought up his rights. The great object of the Company, now sole masters in Rupert's Land and the Indian Territories, was to keep out the pioneers of settlement and give no information of the value of the land and resources of their vast domain. Some years before the federation of the provinces the public men of Canada had commenced an agitation against the Company with the view of relieving from its monopoly a country whose resources were beginning to be known. Colonial Ministers interviewed the imperial authorities on the subject, but no practical results were obtained until the federation became an accomplished fact, and the Company recognized the necessity of yielding to the pressure that was brought to bear upon them, at a time when the interests of the Empire as well as of the new Dominion demanded the abolition of a monopoly so hostile to the conditions of modern progress in British North America. After negotiations with the Company and legislation by the Imperial Parliament, this great region, with

all all its enormous possibilities, became a part of the Canadian Dominion. Steps were taken in 1869 by the Ottawa authorities for the temporary government of the Territories, when a revolt broke out, chiefly among the half-breeds led by Louis Riel, who, in later days, ended his restless and dangerous career on a scaffold in the capital of the Northwest, after the close of a still more insane insurrection. He imprisoned Dr. Schultz and other local men, and committed the atrocious act of shooting one Thomas Scott, against whom he appears to have had a special personal antipathy. The revolt soon ended in the flight of its leaders before a military expedition of Canadian militia and English regular troops, under the command of Colonel, now Field Marshal, Lord Wolseley, reached the scene of disturbance. Delegates from the Red River country had already conferred with the Canadian Ministry, with the result of coming to an understanding with respect to the rights of the people, and of the establishment of a new province, called Manitoba—possessing the system of government granted by the Act of Union to the old provinces.

In 1871 the Dominion welcomed into the Union the great mountainous province of British Columbia, whose picturesque shores recall the memories of Cook, Vancouver and other maritime adventurers of last century, and whose swift rivers are associated with the exploits of Thompson, Quesnel, Fraser and other daring men who first saw the impetuous waters which rush through the cañons of the great mountains of the province until at last they empty themselves into the Pacific sea. With the entrance of this province, so famous now for its treasures of gold, coal and other minerals in illimitable quantities, must be associated the name of Sir Joseph Trutch, the first Lieutenant-Governor under the auspices of the federation.

In 1873 Prince Edward Island yielded to the influences which had been working for some years in the direction of union and allied her fortunes with

those of her sister provinces. The public men who were mainly instrumental in bringing about the happy result, after much discussion in the legislature and several conferences with the Dominion Government, were the following: Mr. R. P. Haythorne, afterwards a Senator; David Laird, at a later time Minister in Mr. Mackenzie's Government and a Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories; H. Pope, who became a member of Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet in 1879; T. H. Haviland, who was appointed a Lieutenant-Governor of the Island; G. W. Howlan, who now fills the same high position.

With the admission of Prince Edward Island all the provinces of British North America were united, except the great island of Newfoundland, which has continued hostile to the federation ever since the return of its delegates* from the Quebec Convention of 1864. During these thirty-five years it has gradually been forced into provincial bankruptcy and many other difficulties which could never have occurred had it entered the Canadian Dominion on the equitable terms which have been more than once offered its people.

While these events were extending and consolidating the union, the Intercolonial Railway was at last constructed between the St. Lawrence River and the Maritime Provinces; and, as an immediate sequence of the admission of British Columbia, arrangements were made in 1880-81 for the completion of a great transcontinental line of railway from Montreal to Burrard's Inlet on the Pacific Coast. Such remarkable energy was brought to the construction of this imperial highway that it was actually in operation at the end of five years after the commencement of the work—only one-half the time allowed in the charter for its completion. The success of this enterprise, so inseparably connected with the unity, settlement and security of the Dominion

* Both Sir Ambrose Shea and Sir Frederick Carter are now octogenarians with memories of a public career of great usefulness.

from ocean to ocean, was largely due to Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, who embarked in this vast scheme with a confidence which assured its speedy accomplishment.

The success of this great highway until the present time must be largely attributed to the President, Sir W. Van Horne, whose remarkable energy and foresight—a foresight which enables him to grasp every detail of management—has made it a most important factor in the national development of the Dominion.

10.—HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED.

This series of papers would be necessarily incomplete were I to close it without a brief review of the salient features of the political system which, in the course of the century, has been built up by the labours of the men to whom I have endeavoured to pay a tribute in these pages—a tribute by no means commensurate with their meritorious performance. The Federal Union of 1867 was the inevitable sequence of the self-government that was the immediate result of the liberal colonial policy adopted towards the colonies soon after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and with which the names of Durham, Russell, Grey and Gladstone must always be associated in the history of the Empire. The present federal constitution of Canada only enlarged the area of the political sovereignty of the provinces, and gave greater scope to their political energy, already stimulated for years previously by the influence of responsible government. The federal constitution has left the provinces in possession of local self-government in the full sense of the term. At the base of the political structure lie those municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not excelled in any other country. It is in the enterprising Province of Ontario that the system has attained its greatest development. Every village, township, town, city and county has its council, composed of reeves or mayors and councillors or aldermen elected by

the people, and having jurisdiction over all matters of local taxation and local improvement, in accordance with statutory enactments. Under the operation of these little local parliaments—the modern form taken by the folk-mote of old English times—every community, regularly organized under the law, is able to build its roads and bridges, light the streets, effect sanitary arrangements, and even initiate bonuses for the encouragement of lines of railway.

The machinery of these municipalities is made to assist in raising the taxes necessary for the support of public schools. Free libraries are provided for in every municipality whenever the people choose—as in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Guelph, and other places—to tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the Maritime Provinces, where these institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have it within their power to manage all these minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes. Then we go up higher to the provincial organizations governed by a lieutenant-governor, nominated and removable by the government of the Dominion, and advised by a council responsible to the people's representatives, with a legislature composed, in only two of the provinces of two Houses—a council appointed by the Crown and an elective assembly; in all the other provinces there is simply an assembly chosen by the people either by universal suffrage or on a very liberal franchise. The fundamental law known as the British North America Act, which was passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1867, gives jurisdiction to the provincial governments over education, provincial works, hospitals, asylums, and jails, administration of justice (except in criminal matters), municipal and all other purely local affairs. In the Territories not constituted into



MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,
AT OTTAWA.

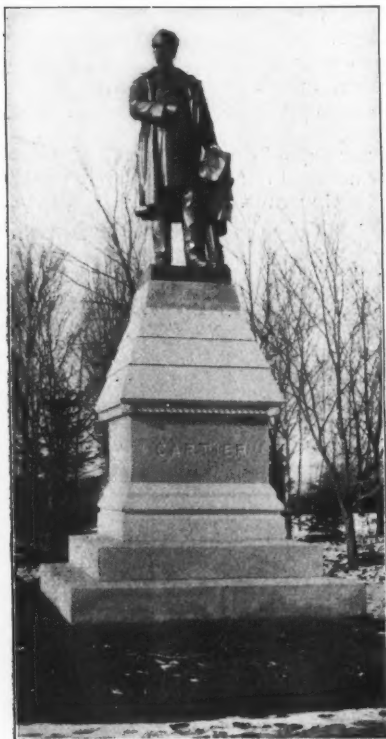
provinces there is provided an efficient machinery, in the shape of a lieutenant-governor, appointed by the Dominion government ; of an advisory council to assist the lieutenant-governor ; and of a small legislative body of one House elected by the people, which has the power of passing, within certain defined limits, such ordinances as are necessary for the good government and security of the sparsely settled countries under its jurisdiction. These Territories are now represented in the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament. These representatives have all the rights and privileges of members of the organized provinces, and are not the mere territorial delegates of the United States Congress. The central or general government of the Dominion is administered by a Governor-General, with the assistance of a ministry responsible to a Parliament, composed of a Senate appointed by the Crown, and a House of Commons to be henceforth elected under the elec-

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toral franchise existent in each province. This government has jurisdiction over trade and commerce, post office, militia and defence, navigation and shipping, fisheries, and railways and public works of a Dominion character and all other matters of general or national import. The appointment of a Governor-General by the Crown, the power of disallowing bills, which



MONUMENT TO HON. GEORGE BROWN,
AT TORONTO.



MONUMENT TO SIR GEORGE CARTIER,
AT OTTAWA.

may interfere with Imperial statutes and treaty obligations, the right which Canadians still enjoy of appealing to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council from the subordinate courts of the provinces, including the Supreme Court of Canada, the obligation which rests upon England to assist the colony in the time of danger by all the power of her army and fleet, together with the fact that all treaties with foreign powers must necessarily be negotiated through the Imperial authorities, will be considered as the most patent evidences of Canada still being a dependency of the empire. Even the restraint imposed upon Canada with respect to any matters involving negotiations with foreign powers has been modified to a great degree by the fact

that England has acknowledged for over thirty years that Canada should be not only consulted in every particular, but directly represented in all negotiations that may be carried on with foreign powers affecting her commercial or territorial interests.

Another illustration of the growing importance of Canada in the Councils of the Empire is the fact that quite recently, in the Diamond Jubilee year, a Canadian judge was placed on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Supreme Court of Great Britain and Ireland, India, and all the dependencies of the Crown.

From this brief summary of the leading features of the political organization of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the executive, when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

In the formation of their constitution the Canadians have naturally borrowed the best features of the federal system of their American neighbours, and of the governmental institutions of the parent state, though not without improvement. The following brief summary shows some of the advantages which Canada possesses over the institutions of the United States as far as an experience of many years goes to prove:

1. That the powers of the Provincial and Federal Governments are enumerated, while the residuum of power is left, in express words, to the central authority of the Dominion; the very reverse of the constitution of the United States, which gives to the National Government only certain express, or necessarily implied, powers, and leaves to the several states all those powers of local or state sovereignty not so expressly taken away.

2. In adhering strictly, in the Dominion and every province, to the principles of parliamentary government which makes the ministry, or advisers of the executive, responsible to the

legislature for every act of administration; a flexible system which works admirably compared with the too rigid constitutional rules of the Federal and State Governments, which separate the executive from the legislative authority and do not permit the advisers of a president or a governor of a state to sit in the legislature and direct its legislation.

3. The latent powers of a dissolution of Parliament, which may be used at any time by the Crown, under the advice of responsible ministers, with the view of obtaining the opinion and judgment of the people at a political crisis—a safety valve wanting in the rigid system of the United States, which constantly and necessarily creates friction between the executive and legislative authorities.

4. A permanent Civil Service in the Dominion and Provincial Governments—a system which lies at the very foundation of all stable government, but only partially adopted of very recent years by the National Government of the United States, and now urged in almost all the old states of the Union.

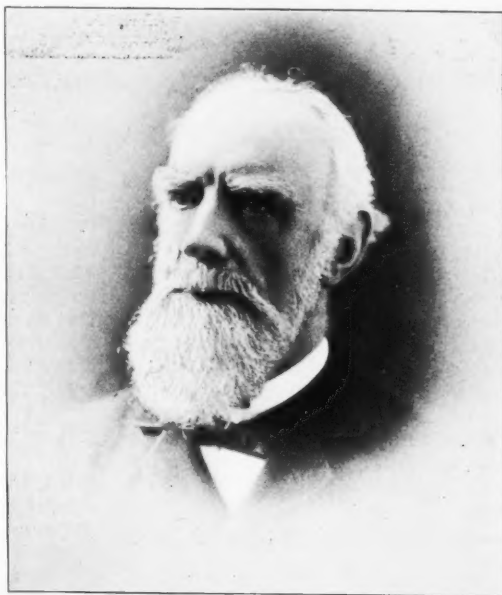
5. The appointment of all judges and public officials by the Crown, on the advice of ministers responsible to parliament for every such executive act, in contradistinction to the elective system of the United States of the federal republic, where judges are, in most cases, elected by the people—the federal judges being the exception.

6. The independence of the judiciary of all party and political pressure, when once appointed, since they can be removed only by the Crown, as a consequence of a successful impeachment by the Dominion Parliament, while in the several states their tenure is limited to a certain number of years—ten on the average.

7. The infrequency of political elections and the practical separation of national, provincial and municipal politics at such elections—a separation now advocated in many states, and adopted by the revised New York constitution, in the case of municipal elections, especially in the cities, where the running of municipal officers on a federal or state ticket has led to gross corruption and abuse by the political machine and its professional politicians.

8. The trial by judges of all cases of bribery and corruption in municipal as well as legislative elections, a system not yet adopted, to any extent, by the States, and necessarily of doubtful application in a country where so many judges are elective.

No doubt there are difficulties constantly occurring in the working of the Canadian federal constitution, arising from conflicts of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces, despite the careful enumeration of powers in the fundamental law, or British North America Act of 1867; but these doubts



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ.

are gradually being removed by the wise practice which places the interpretation of all written legal instruments in the courts.

Here also the wisdom and learning of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England and of the Canadian judiciary are to a large extent nullifying the contentions of politicians, and bringing about a solution of difficulties which, in a country divided between distinct nationalities, might cause serious complications if not settled on sound principles of law which all can accept.

II.—THE FUTURE OF CANADA—HER RELATIONS WITH THE EMPIRE.

In this review it has been my object to refer only to those salient features of the development of Canada, and to

point out how much reason Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of the last sixty years—a period contemporaneous with the reign of the present Queen—in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the British Empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself before us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes had not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Dr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek Chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends

of the Confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully encountered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future. For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country; they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most critical period of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians have not prevented them from creating a province

which is essentially French-Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it. A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—lives of solitude among the great forests that overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened by bursts of sunlight, as the axe opened up new centres of settlement, and echoed the progress of the advanced guards of civilization. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed to add to individual trials; but the people were courageous and industrious, and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material development went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience, and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them it may be truly said:—

“Men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do.”

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the



SIR WILLIAM VANHORNE.

movement is towards the placing of the relations between the parent state and its great dependency on a basis which will strengthen the Empire, and at the same time give Canada even a higher position in the councils of the Imperial State.

The federation of the Empire in the full sense of the term may be considered by some practical politicians as a mere political phantasm, never likely to come out in a tangible form from the clouds where it is now concealed; and yet who can doubt that out of the grand conception which first originated in the brain of Franklin, Otis and Gallowsay, statesmen may yet evolve some scheme that that will render the Empire secure from the dangers which arise from continual isolation, and from the growth of peculiar and distinct interests, that naturally result from the geographical situation of

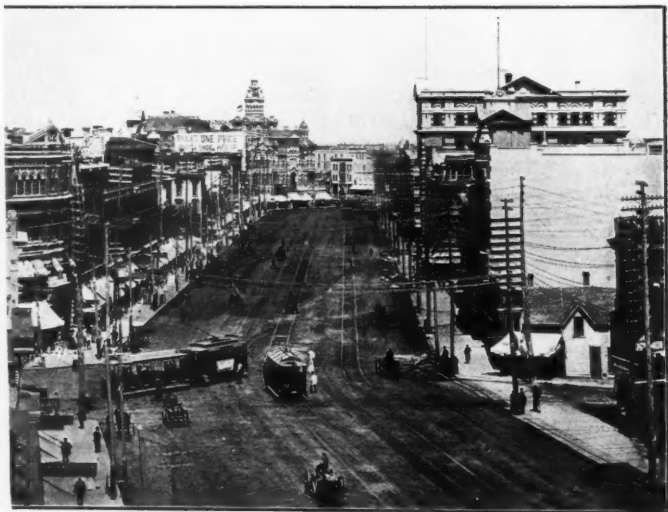


WINNIPEG IN 1870.

communities so widely separated from each other throughout the world? The Diamond Jubilee, which showed so powerful sentiment of attachment to the Crown and Empire, has already bought forth a practical result by the "denunciation" of the imperial treaties with Germany and Belgium, which for some years past have evoked the hostility of the Canadian government and parliament as entirely at variance with the commercial freedom of the Dominion and her rights, expressed or implied by the British North America Act of Union, and as interposing serious obstacles to more intimate commercial relations with the parent state. This action on the part of the imperial government, in response to the bold and decisive

tariff policy of the present Canadian ministry, is not merely another step in that evolution of events which have placed

Canada in the position of a semi-independent power in the course of thirty years; but, judged by the spirit that has animated both Canadian and English statesmen in bringing it about, it is a part of that movement which seems irresistibly forcing the parent state and her greatest dependency to a closer alliance, commercial and defensive, that will make the Empire impregnable. It is a forerunner, many Canadians hope, of a scheme of imperial federa-



WINNIPEG IN 1898.

tion which not long since seemed chimerical to those who cannot look beyond the interests of mere sections of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain has certainly not disappointed his friends, who have always believed that he would make his office of administrator of colonial affairs a position of value to the Empire at large.

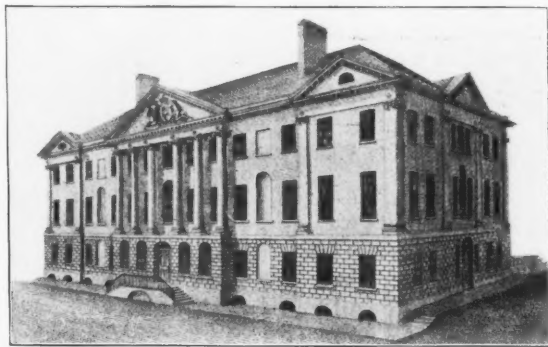
Looking at the history of the Canadian dependency for sixty years, one can see in all the phases of its political development there has ever run "an increasing purpose." The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny that shapes our ends, "rough hew them how we will," has been carrying the empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. When we consider that the union of the two Canadas was followed in about a quarter of a century by the federation of all the provinces, and that this great measure



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT FREDERICTON.

has been also supplemented, after a lapse of thirty years, by a conference of delegates at Ottawa from the most distant colonial possessions, we may well believe that the thoughts of men

are in deed widened throughout England and her dependencies "by the process of the suns," and that powerful current of human thought and progress, which is everywhere making itself felt, is carrying forward the Empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT HALIFAX.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT TORONTO.

As long as the respective members of the Federation observe faithfully the principles upon which it necessarily rests, perfect equality among all its sections, a due consideration for local rights, a deep Imperial, as well as Canadian sentiment, whenever the interests of the whole Federation are at stake, the people of this Dominion

need not fear failure in their efforts to accomplish the great work in which they have been so long engaged. Full of that confidence which the history of the past should give them, and of that energy and courage which are their natural heritage, and which have already achieved the most satisfactory results in the face of difficulties which,



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT QUEBEC.

sixty years ago, would have seemed insurmountable; stimulated by their close neighbourhood to a nation with whom they have always shown a desire to cultivate such relations as are compatible with their dignity, their security and their self-interest, as a separate and distinct community; adhering closely to those principles of government which are best calculated to give moral as well as political strength; determined to put down corruption in whatever form it may show itself, and to cultivate a sound public opinion, Canadians may tranquilly, patiently, and determinedly face the problem of the future.

12. A FINAL TRIBUTE TO THE MAKERS OF CANADA.

And here I may close these papers in which I have attempted — most imperfectly I know full well — to review the career of those men who have written their names in bold letters on the annals of the provinces of the Dominion,

from the days Champlain laid the foundations of the ancient capital of Quebec until the Federation, the basis of which was laid in the same historic city in 1864, was practically completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and all the provinces and territories were united by iron links, stretching across the continent. When we think of the Makers of Canada, of the men who discovered and founded provinces, who laid deep and secure the foundations of Canada's material prosperity, who assured the success of

the principles of British institutions, who saved Canada to England at a national crisis, who extended the political rights of the people, who made of Canada a dominion of imperial proportions, we recall, above all others, the names of Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe, Cornwallis, Simcoe, Dorchester, Brock, Drummond, Durham, Howe, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Morin, Johnston, Wilmot, Elgin, J. A. Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Galt, Mowat, Tilley, Coles, Tupper, and many others whose names I have mentioned in the previous papers, reviewing important epochs of our history, and whose decisive and prescient statesmanship brought about results of vital importance to the development, unity and security of the coun-



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT REGINA.

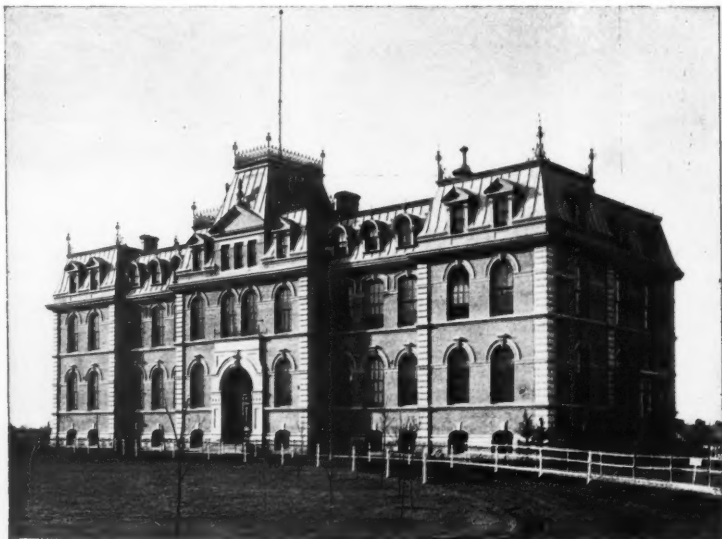
try. Each of these men must be recognized as *primus inter pares*, irrespective of all the political antagonisms and hostile criticisms which, under the unrelenting and unfair conditions of intense party strife in this country, have followed them too often in their earnest public careers. But let us not forget that the great majority of the Builders of our new nation have not found their names inscribed on the conspicuous pages of Canadian history. Their achievements must be sought in the remarkable industrial re-



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT VICTORIA.

sults which illustrate the prosperity of the Dominion from Sydney to Victoria, in great, waving fields of grain, in orchards richly laden with golden fruit, in fleets of ships which sail or steam to every clime, in many mills and factories which work day and

night, in the varied products of the sea, the forest and the mine, in the roomy warehouses filled with goods of many lands, in huge elevators holding the surplus harvest of Canadian farms, in the prosperous cities and towns which represent the comfort and wealth



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT WINNIPEG.

of the people, in noble universities, colleges and schools, in the many illustrations we find in every province of the culture and intelligence of people who have made and own an imperial domain, still in the infancy of its national development.

Canada's position in the Empire is one of which her people may be justly proud; but as Canadians view the past with its many evidences of devotion to the Empire, of capacity for self-government, of statesmanlike conception and action in the administration of public affairs, they must not forget how much they owe to the men who laid firm and deep the foundations of their national structure. French Catholics, and Huguenots, Puritans and Cavaliers of the days of the Stuarts, Scots from the Highlands, the Hebrides and the Lowlands, Scotch-Irish Protestants from the north and Catholic Celts from the south of Ireland, Englishmen from the hop-gardens of Kent and the meadows of Devon, from all parts of that ancient kingdom where the Saxon and Norman have so aptly blended in the course of centuries—all these have contributed to form a Canadian people who have planted themselves successfully and firmly over the vast regions which stretch from east to west to the north of the federal republic.

As we stand on the picturesque heights of Quebec, and view the state-shaft which recalls the victory of

Wolfe; as we come to the noble Parliament house in the city of Ottawa, and pause in front of the statues of Cartier and Macdonald, most famous representatives of the English and French peoples who have built up the Dominion; as we walk under the chest-nuts and elms of Queen's Park in Toronto and look up at the bronze figure of the great journalist and earnest statesman, George Brown, whose patriotism at the most critical moment of federation rose superior to personal jealousy and party passion, we can see that Canadians are not always ungrateful of the services of the men whose names are intimately associated with the most momentous epochs of their history. Yet, while to some of the eminent Makers of Canada monuments have been raised,* the vast majority lie in quiet churchyards, where the finger of time has obliterated even their names from the moss-covered stones where once they were rudely chiselled. But, though they are no longer here, their spirit still survives in the confidence and energy with which the people of this Dominion are labouring to develop the great natural heritage which they possess on the American continent and in the loyalty which they feel for the British Crown and Empire.

* I should be doing an injustice to the memory of a great Canadian if I did not pause here for a moment to express the regret and amazement which I feel, in common with many of my fellow-countrymen, at the inexplorable apathy which has so far attended the efforts that have been in progress for some time to erect a suitable monument in the city of Halifax to Joseph Howe, poet, orator, and statesman.

[THE END.]

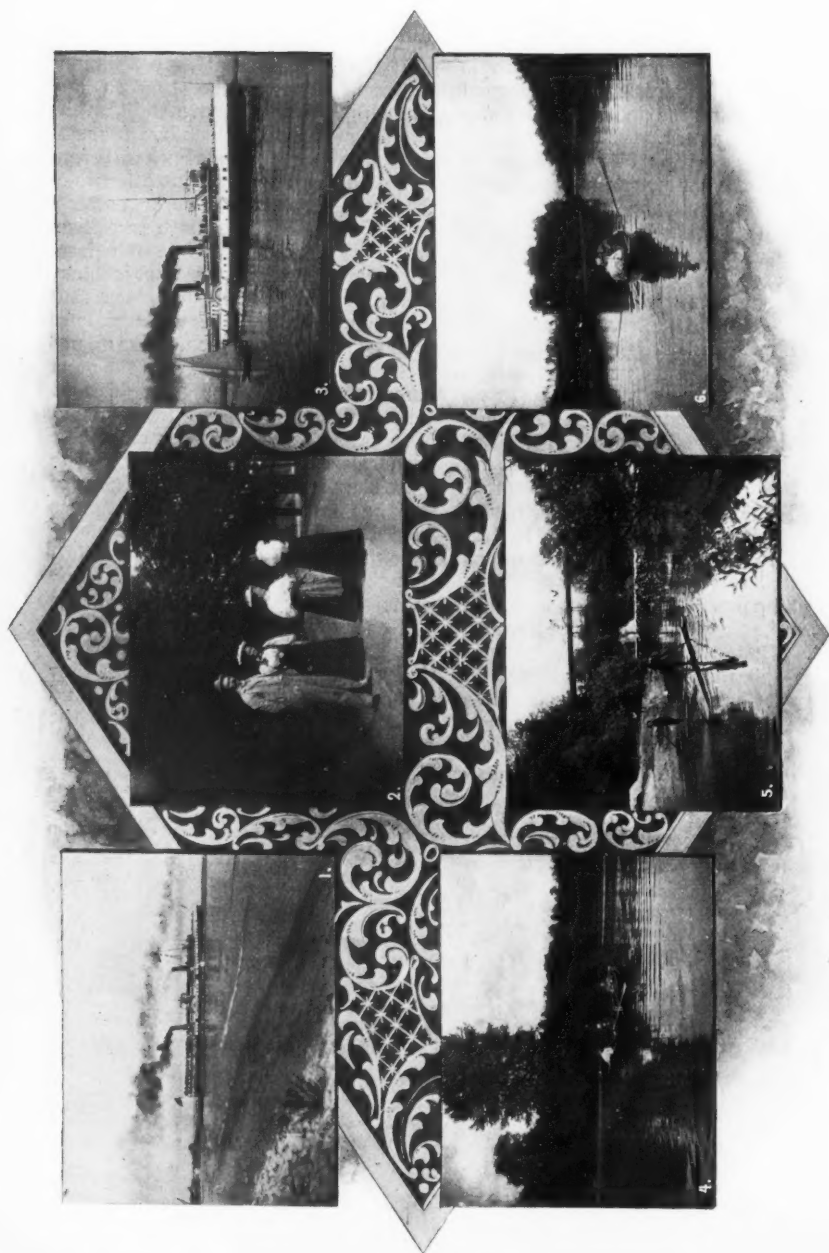
WE FORGET.

SHE clung to his breast in grief and tears;
 "We part for a while"—said she,—
 "But neither, force, nor fraud, nor fears,
 Shall sever me from thee!"

Her daughter came with a tarnished book,
 (Long years had passed away).
 "There's a name writ here, my mother,—look!
 "I've ne'er seen till to-day."

She took the volume of once-loved lays,
 With a steady hand, and slow;
 "'Tis the name of a friend of my girlhood's days,
 "I cared for—long ago!"

Reginald Gourlay.



AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. JAMES SMITH.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

1. A Passenger Steamer passing through the Eastern Gap into the Lake. 2. In High Park. 3. The "Corona" in the Bay. 4 and 6. On the Humber. 5. In Reservoir Park.



ANEROESTES THE GAUL

A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroeestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay siege to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroeestes on a difficult mission.

CHAPTER VI.—WITHIN THE CITY.

TOWARDS evening of the same day the people of Taurasia were thrown into great commotion. A deserter from Hannibal's camp had succeeded in making his way past the Carthaginian sentries, though they had almost immediately suspected him and given chase. To those watching from the walls he appeared to elude his pursuers with great difficulty. Once inside the city he was surrounded by a group of soldiers. They conducted him through the lines of excited people to Agates, who was examining the fortifications.

The escort described the circumstances of the man's escape from the Carthaginians, and the opening of one of the smaller gates to admit him in his flight.

All the while Agates gazed suspiciously at the newcomer.

"Who are you?" he asked suddenly. "You are a Gaul, but resemble not our enemies the Insubres."

"My name is Aneroeestes," was the ready reply. "I am, as you say, not an Insubrian, but of the Centrones, who inhabit the mountains. You know us well, for we have traded much with the Taurini and the other Ligurians dwelling beyond the Padus. Many of my kinsmen have come to your city bringing with them excellent pine wood for torches, and strong elm for your javelins. I myself have seen the arms and fine cloaks they have carried back in exchange. But I come not to trade now. I am here to fight against the foreigner who invades your territory. The Taurini and Centrones have ever been allies against a common enemy."

He looked to the multitude for encouragement. Some nodded in assent, while the more enthusiastic even

acclaimed their approval in words.

Agates checked these latter with a sign.

"The man may be a spy for all this," he said.

"I am no spy," retorted Aneroes-tes.

"It is strange," said Agates. "First you enter the service of the Carthaginian, and later seek the protection of a besieged city in order to make war upon him. Truly, the more I think of it the more positive am I of your deceit."

Those who at first had been the most eager to welcome the mountaineer now began to share the suspicion of their Chief, and slunk away.

"I am no spy," repeated Aneroes-tes doggedly. "I hate the Carthaginian and his soldiers. Was it not they who passed through our country by force? They destroyed our villages and drove away the cattle we herded for our sustenance. Men and children fell beneath the sword, while I, with many others of the young men, was led away into captivity. Even now my brothers lie in yonder camp and cry out in their misery, for they are borne down with the weight of the shackles and their bodies are torn from scourging. Is it, then, strange that I should seek service against one who has so oppressed my kinsmen?"

Aneroestes was by this time uncontrollably excited, and he spoke with a rude eloquence that carried conviction to his hearers. Furthermore, his general appearance added to the force of his words, for he was a goodly warrior to look upon.

"The man speaks the truth," shouted some one from among the crowd.

"The hope of revenge will make him fight well," cried another.

These and similar remarks assured Aneroes-tes. He saw that for the time being he had the people with him, though Agates was still doubtful.

"How comes it," the latter asked, "if the young men of your tribe were made prisoners that you were set free? For, indeed, no shackles bind your feet, and your garments are not such

as those worn by slaves. More than this, you carry arms of excellent quality. I warn you to be careful what you answer. Liars share the same fate as spies," and he glanced significantly towards one of the towers, where, in the fading light, the forms of several bodies could be seen dangling in the air.

But Aneroes-tes only laughed at the unspoken threat.

"I have seen death before," he replied, "and in many forms. The men of the Centrones are bred to regard it without fear. If your over-cautiousness prompts you to treat me as an enemy you will be the greater loser. There are worse things than death, and defeat is one of them. You think it strange that I am not like my brethren—slaves of the conqueror—but I tell you I was one until ten days ago. Cords bound my wrists—see the marks," and he held out his hands for the Chief to inspect. "My back, too, bears many scars from the rods and scourge. If you still doubt me I will prove it to you."

No one spoke as with a swift movement he tore off his fur covering and stood stripped to the waist before the wondering Taurini, who were unaccustomed to such fiery earnestness.

During the conference torches had been lit and the bearers of these now crowded close to the man, thus revealing him to the others in the flickering lurid light. He had certainly spoken the truth. His back was almost completely disfigured with wounds, scarcely healed. Few could refrain from exclaiming at the sight, and even the face of Agates softened, for the scars imbedded so deeply in the white flesh signified tortures of unusual severity.

"You now see that I spoke truly," proceeded Aneroes-tes. "I was a captive, but I won my liberty by fighting an Allobrogian giant for the amusement of the soldiers. He thought to be victorious, for I was lame and unfitted for such a struggle. I bear the mark of his sword across my forehead, and he bit away part of my ear, but he could not overcome me. Still, he

fought well. I wounded him in the side with my sword, but I killed him with my hands. It was a great struggle, and Hannibal gave me my liberty with costly presents and a horse of good blood."

"We want such warriors as this," remarked Britomar, a man of middle age, aside to Agates.

"He talks well."

"But see the muscles of his arms and body. He could wield a sword with the best of our young men, even with Concolitanus."

"The more reason why we should receive his advances with caution. One man can hardly win a battle, though he may lose one."

"And I would not advise you to hasty action, but this man has given a fair account of himself. His very presence here will encourage our soldiers, and he may further have much to tell us of the enemy's doings."

"What you say seems wise, good Britomar," said the Chief, slowly, "but be not over-confident of the man. Watch him closely and leave him not alone for a moment."

Meanwhile a number of the Taurini had entered into conversation with Aneroestes, and welcomed him with friendly protestations. They were impressed with the story of the combat, as they were themselves great warriors, and admired the victor's strongly knit figure. In appearance and habits they resembled the Insubres, though a closer contact with tribes inhabiting the country to the south of the Padus had made their natures less rough.

While many were content with the hide of a sheep or goat as a covering for the upper part of the body, the greater number were attired in tunics of coarse wool, reaching to the loins and gathered in at the waist by a belt. A few of the more savage favoured a peculiar form of cudo in which the face appeared between the upper and lower jaws of the animal, while the rest of the skin fell over the back and shoulders.

Aneroestes received their advances cordially, and when Agates again ques-

tioned him they ill restrained their impatience.

"Tell me," he said, "how you evaded the Carthaginian sentries, for they watch so closely that some of our spies have fallen into their hands."

"I feigned to be carrying a message to one of the captains. When I came up to where he was I dashed forward towards your gate. Your warriors will tell you that the Numidians almost overtook me. Indeed, they would have done so if the missiles thrown from the walls had not checked them," and the mountaineer looked to those near by to verify his story.

"Yes, yes; we saw that," assented several.

"He ran swiftly, but he had little time to spare," remarked one.

"I would have failed but for the help from the city," continued Aneroestes. "But it is well. I have information that will be of value to you. Some of the plans of the enemy are known to me. To-morrow the city will be attacked with battering-rams."

"We shall be prepared," shouted the crowd.

With one accord they waved their weapons aloft and redoubled their cries of assurance.

The smoking torches revealed massive clubs, studded with nails, short knives and ponderous swords, grasped by brawny hands that would loosen only in death. Some of the warriors were partially hidden by the far-reaching shadows, while more were altogether invisible in the background of darkness. But their voices were heard, and the wavering light illumined scores of set faces that would not quiver at sight of danger.

Agates seemed pleased at the enthusiasm, but he motioned Aneroestes to step near and said:

"Keep your secrets for the ears of those in command."

He then dismissed the people in an address, exhorting them to the greatest vigilance. "For," said he, "the enemy is ever watchful to obtain some advantage in ways we may little think of."

When they had dispersed, he turned to Anerostes and commanded him to speak freely.

"There are none here to listen to you," he said, "save those who should. Due thought will be given to what you say, but we are men of age and discretion who will not be blinded by fair sounding tales."

And, indeed, it seemed that in the ebbing of the multitude the chosen ones of the tribe had remained like rocks on the shores of the sea. These men formed the council that directed the affairs of the city, both in times of war and peace. Many were as yet young, but they had one and all become distinguished through acts of bravery and wisdom.

"I tell you what is true," said the mountaineer with some show of anger. "Early to-morrow Hannibal will attack the city on this side facing the west. If you do not believe me, make no preparations to repel the battering-ram."

"We have been prepared for this from the first, and will not now alter our plans."

Agates spoke more quietly, for he was beginning to be influenced by the apparent honesty of the deserter.

"Do you know how many rams will be used to storm the city?" asked Britomar.

"That I cannot say. I saw one being constructed, but there may be more."

"And will all the attack be made at the one place?"

"I heard it said that two points might be attacked; the main one directly in front of the camp and the other somewhat more to the south."

This gave rise to considerable discussion between Britomar and a younger warrior as to the best mode of repelling the double move, but the issue was trifling and interested the mountaineer little.

During the early part of the evening a number of the women brought food to the warriors sitting in council, for there was much to arrange before the morrow. Anerostes watched them

closely and there was admiration in his gaze, for these women of the Taurini were very beautiful. It was a novel sight to him to see such smooth skins, and figures so perfectly developed. Massive bracelets of gold encircled the white arms, making them seem the more dazzling, while necklaces and belts of the same precious metal were worn in profusion. Garments of coarse wool constituted the ordinary dress, but a few were attired in material of more delicate texture such as the mountaineer had never before seen. These were obtained from traders of other races who not infrequently visited Taurasia owing to its important location.

So enraptured was he that he failed to notice the curiosity he had awakened in those at whom he was so steadily staring.

"Our women are beautiful," remarked Agates by way of interruption.

Anerostes nodded mechanically. His gaze had settled upon a young girl of exceptional grace, who had recently moved into the light. She was talking quietly to several companions, but presently she moved towards the Chief, who greeted her fondly.

"She is my daughter," he explained. "It is said she is the most beautiful of our women."

"It is so," murmured several.

Anerostes answered nothing, but the admiration expressed on his face became intensified. The girl looked conscious. At her father's command she offered food to the stranger. He thanked her, but his voice sounded harsh in his own ears.

Ducaria, the daughter of Agates, was indeed beautiful and much sought after by the young warriors of the tribe. Her hair was slightly darker than was customary among the women of Liguria, and was tinged with a reddish hue that added to its attractiveness. While marvellously well cut, her features were somewhat large and bespoke a commendable determination. This was made more evident by the great eyes of deep blue for which she was justly celebrated. The years of her life hardly numbered a score, and she

was the sole surviving child of the Chief.

The rude noises from the Carthaginian camp were at all times audible in the various quarters of the city, but in the quietude of evening they were even more distinct.

Aneroestes seemed suddenly disturbed by the ribald laughter so close at hand, and after staring at the blinking fires for a brief space he turned to Agates.

"Why do you keep your women with you?" he asked.

"Where else should they be? Would you have the wife live apart from her husband; the daughter from her father?"

"I would have them protected," said Aneroestes vehemently. "I would have them out of danger."

"Where would they find protection away from the men of the tribe, and where would be their safety?"

The chief's words were greeted with the approval of all present.

"Would you not have the women share danger with their mates?" asked one matron who sat between husband and son. "Think you that we want life when our dear ones are slaughtered?"

"If death was to be your lot, then would I counsel you to remain with your protectors. But defeat means more than death."

"The thought of that will but make us strike the harder," exclaimed Britomar.

"We will annihilate the enemy," shouted a younger man.

"But what if you should meet with defeat? In battle there is no certainty. Even with everything in your favour victory might, through some unseen way, be snatched from you. The Carthaginian is a general of many resources. I would advise you to remove the women to some place of safety."

"Our women are safer in our city than elsewhere. If we fall in their defence, then must they prepare themselves for death."

The speaker was an old warrior who

had seen much fighting, and he understood the horrors of defeat.

"And none will be afraid," added Ducaria solemnly.

All looked at her in surprise, as it was not customary for the younger women to participate in a discussion of that nature. But none reprimanded. She stood by her father with parted lips and dark glowing eyes that stirred up the patriotism of the most timid. Aneroestes met her look for a moment only. Then his head fell. His task was becoming hard—even painful.

On the one hand the success of his mission would free the two score captives—the scourged and emaciated slaves, once gallant warriors—his kinsmen and brothers. But the downfall of the city would mean the despoiling of all these noble women, and among them Ducaria.

He trembled violently.

"What great danger can there be?" said Agates. We know the plan of the enemy and will be prepared for the fiercest attack; and," he added more pointedly to the mountaineer, "you felt assured of our success but a short time since. Surely naught could have happened to alter your opinion. Are our warriors less muscular or valiant than you would wish?"

"Not so. My fears were roused without a proper cause. I have seen your women—more beautiful than any I have ever met—and I trembled for their fate."

Aneroestes paused and looked about him, but he sought not to see Ducaria.

"What would you advise?" asked the Chief.

"I would counsel you to be cautious."

"We will not chide you for such anxiety. But here is Concolitanus. What news may he have for us?"

"None of importance," answered the warrior. "All is quiet in the quarter I have been watching."

He surveyed Aneroestes, not having seen him before.

"This is the deserter from the camp of the Carthaginian," explained the Chief.

"I heard of his coming."

"He has brought us information of value."

While several told the news, Anerostes secretly admired the new-comer, for he was possessed of much beauty and strength. Though scarcely more than a young man his deeds of prowess were many, while he combined with unusual bravery a skill and discretion rarely found in one of his temperament. He was very tall and strongly made. At a glance, it could be seen that he could wield a sword with wonderful power, and he was furthermore dexterous in the use of all weapons. His dress differed little from that of his companions save that the fur he wore as a mantle over his shoulders was exceptionally fine. The ornaments that adorned his person were likewise very valuable, and the sword hanging across his back was well-tempered and of Roman make. The long yellow hair was coiled on the top of his head. He was admired by the women as he was respected by the men, though his fiery council was at times apt to try the cautious feelings of the more aged.

"How know you," he asked after listening to the story of Anerostes' entry into the city, "that this man is not sent by the Carthaginian to watch our movements and betray us? He has no interest in joining us and we do not need his services."

"You may be glad of my services before the siege ends," growled the mountaineer.

"You have no mean opinion of your own prowess," and Concolitanus laughed sneeringly.

"I have proved myself to be the equal of most men."

"And yet you were taken a prisoner."

Some of the men smiled at this cut, while a few of the women laughed outright.

"I lost my liberty," retorted Anerostes, "but not before I killed three men of the number who fell on me. But what is more, I won back my freedom by slaying a man full as large and strong as you, Concolitanus, though I was weak from wounds inflicted by the

scourge. And I killed him with my hands—I choked him."

The speaker had risen to his feet, and with eyes afire approached threateningly towards the Taurinian warrior.

Agates intervened, fearing a more serious dispute.

"It is wise to exercise the greatest caution," he remarked to Concolitanus, "and until we are assured of this stranger we must not trust him overmuch. But it is unjust to repel his advances and impute treacherous motives to his every action. He offers himself as a friend. If he is such, we must not make him our enemy."

"Captive enemies can do little harm," persisted Concolitanus.

"Still, a friend can be of more service."

The young warrior made no reply, but, turning to Ducaria, muttered: "It would be safer to get rid of the man."

"I would not counsel such action," rejoined the girl, "for he seems brave and good."

"He is but an uncouth mountaineer, unworthy of your consideration."

Concolitanus spoke with some heat, for he desired to make Ducaria his wife. His suit had not proceeded as he would have wished, and he was jealous of any man she might chance to notice.

"Still, he is brave, a great warrior, and he has risked much in joining our forces."

She shot a glance at the mountaineer while she spoke, and met his eyes fixed searchingly upon her. There was adoration in the stare. She turned away in confusion, but not before her companion had noted the cause.

"It would seem," said he, "that this spy would cast envious eyes upon our women, even to the chief's daughter."

He addressed himself loudly to the assemblage, and his words were followed by a dead silence. But only for a moment. Anerostes made a rush at his tormentor, but before he could reach him he was seized by three men, one of whom was Agates.

"Desist," he cried, angrily.

The mountaineer ceased struggling at the command of the chief, but he did not remove his eyes from Concolitanus, who, standing with drawn sword, cried out:

"Let him come!"

"Your conduct, Concolitanus, is

unseemly," said Agates, with indignation. "Say nothing further to the stranger, I command you."

Concolitanus again turned to speak to Ducaria, but she moved away from him and went near to her father. And she did not look unkindly at Anerolestes.

(*To be Continued.*)

AN INTERESTING BOAT RIDE.

An Adventure.

IN the spring of the year 1882, Jack Mason, an old school chum of mine, invited me to spend the summer with him on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. He was a clerk in the employ of the Government at Keewatin, but, as his duties only compelled his attention for a short portion of each day, he was his own master for the rest of the time. Every afternoon from about four o'clock we spent in his sailing skiff on the lake, making voyages of exploration among the hundreds of islands in the vicinity, or bounding along on a high wind in a manner only appreciated by the enthusiastic yachtsman.

One day we had gone about six or seven miles out to a place where supplies were brought in from the outside world for the use of contractors engaged in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was at that time going on. Just as we were leaving a man hailed us, and wanted to know if we could take him over to Keewatin, as he was in a great hurry to catch a construction train going west. We took him in and started. On the way he informed us that he was a gold prospector, and had been exploring the country for a month or so. He certainly carried some of the tools of that calling, though we thought it rather strange that he should lug around the unusually large valise he had with him. He volunteered the information that the valise contained what was left of his "grub," and some specimens of rock he had gathered.

He showed us a few pieces of ore which he took from his pocket, and we in our wisdom pronounced them to be very good specimens indeed.

When about a third of the way home, and just as we were about to cross a rather large open stretch of water, the wind began to come up strongly from the west, which seemed to give our passenger some concern, as we could see by his anxious look, and by the way he squeezed himself up towards the windward side of the boat. This position, while helping materially to balance the boat, was yet about the best he could have obtained to ensure his getting a full share of the spray dashed up from the bow when she struck a large wave. My friend was now in his element, lots of wind, and the boat running almost gunwale under.

We had nearly crossed the open stretch, and about three miles more remained, when the stranger gave a startled exclamation, and involuntarily pointed to a small tug which was approaching us from the east. We could not see anything remarkable about her except that she was the tug generally employed by the Canadian Government Inland Revenue Department in enforcing the laws in regard to the sale of liquor in the district. In explanation, I may say that during the construction of the railway, no liquor of any kind was allowed to be sold to the men employed. Numerous peddlers were, however, engaged in the business of bringing in the stuff from the outside, and, after diluting it with a sufficiency

of Lake of the Woods water, were in the habit of selling it at enormous profit. To prevent these peddlers smuggling in their wares by way of the lake, the officers of the Government frequently used the small tug referred to.

As we were going north and the tug was going west, we should in all probability have met in a few minutes had not an island, which we passed on our right, made it necessary for her to make a great deviation from her course. Having passed the island, she turned and came on right after us. This proceeding rather surprised us, and the only reason we could give for her behaviour was that she was not engaged on any particular business and was looking for a race.

As the tug seemed to gain on us the stranger entered into the spirit of the thing and enquired if we could not go faster. My friend replied that we could but that we would wait until the tug overhauled us and then we would walk away from her completely. Our passenger, though, seemed to think that we ought to keep any advantage we had, and besought us to remember that it was of vital importance to him that he catch that train. It seemed to me that he was much more anxious to avoid the boat behind than to catch any train ahead and I remarked this to Jack, and then it dawned upon us both at once what the man really was—a whiskey smuggler. This explained why the tug was following and Jack began to put the boat into the wind, intending to wait for her to come up, which movement caused our passenger to show himself in a new light. He reached a revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at my friend, commanded him to "Go right on young man; I may as well tell you that I am a whiskey peddler, that that valise is full of whiskey, and that if I am caught it means a big fine and two or three years in the jug, and I don't propose to be caught if I can help it. See?" Jack evidently saw, for he headed the boat once more to the northward and away we went faster than ever. It may occur to some people that the hero of a story always

looks unflinchingly down the cold steel muzzle, and, entirely indifferent to self, he adheres to his determination to do his duty if it costs him his life. From personal experience I can state that other considerations besides those of duty force themselves on one's mind on such occasions.

It is needless to say that our conversation for the rest of the way was not of that sociable nature that one might expect from three persons riding in the same boat. My friend and I whispered to each other occasionally, and our guest grunted something about "the blank tug not being in it this time." He was slightly out, though, in his surmise, for as we approached the shore the wind began perceptibly to fall, so much so that the tug gained on us greatly. There was still time, though, for us to reach the shore, and I was wondering if the peddler would be successful in catching his train when I noticed that the boat was not headed for the shore, but straight for a long boom of logs, which, for the purpose of stopping timber from going down, was stretched across the mouth of the river, which here left the lake and flowed northward towards Hudson Bay. About a hundred yards beyond this boom was a low waggon bridge and beneath it the river ran in a boiling rapid.

The stranger heard the rapids and saw the boom and he angrily demanded what the unmentionable Jack was going to do, anyhow. My friend's answer surprised me. "Look here," he said, "a little while ago you were boss of this concern, but from now on I intend to run it myself." Here the revolver reappeared; Jack noticed this and continued: "It's no use your holding that thing up any more; even if you do shoot you will be caught anyway. Now, I am going to run this boat over that boom and down those rapids, and if you don't like the idea you can get out." This was all very well, but for the life of me I could not understand how he was going to do it. I would have liked to have got out myself, but that being impossible, I was reassured by remembering that if Jack wanted to

throw his life away he had had a splendid chance some time before, when the stranger's revolver was in evidence, but as he had not availed himself of that opportunity I reasoned that he had no suicidal intention now. His blood was up and evidently he was going to give the man an experience such as he would not forget soon, and it was not his fault if I was unfortunate enough to be included in the programme.

When we had almost reached the boom Jack told the stranger to lift the centre-board. He had scarcely done so when she struck. The log was fortunately low in the water; at the speed at which we were going we soon scraped over it, and shortly after found ourselves in the current of the rapid. It suddenly struck me that the mast was too tall to pass under the bridge, and unless it snapped at the first contact we were done for sure. Just then Jack reached for the halliards, and with a hurried command to keep the sail out of the water, he let everything go. Down came the sail with a rush, completely covering our passenger, and, from his scared look as he extricated himself, I could imagine that he was sure something awful had happened. I then crawled up and unshipped the mast. We were almost at the bridge, just on the crest of the rapid, and going at a rate I never want to go again. In lifting the mast I struck the bottom of the bridge, and the concussion hurled me off my feet, but luckily into the boat. "Back here to the stern," yelled Jack, and back both of us started. "Not you," to the peddler, "you stay there." The terrified man obeyed, and fell in a heap where he was.

Two more jumps of the rapid remained, the second the worst of all. We managed the first one without getting more than a third full of water and raced on for the second. Below this, two long lines of waves seemed to converge in a sort of V-shape, and towards the centre of this we went. I do not distinctly remember just what happened after we entered that V, for the river seemed to stand up on edge on each side of us, and the atmosphere

became very moist. I heard a voice yell, "Look out, she's going over!" and then my eyes grew watery, though I must have looked out to some purpose, for when we reached calmer water I found myself clinging to the keel of the upturned boat. Jack and the peddler had also managed to accomplish the rather difficult feat of exchanging the inside of the boat for the outside at short notice.

We managed somehow to get the boat ashore and began putting her to rights. Our some time passenger, whose "specimens," and therewith the chance of making some two or three hundred per cent. profit had been lost, was inclined to look upon Jack as the prime cause of all his misfortunes, and reviled him accordingly. Jack told him that he could not consistently find fault with our particular methods of navigation, as we had not pressed him to accompany us; and added further, that as it was he was more than likely to get into no end of a row with the authorities for aiding in his (the peddler's) escape. The mention of the revenue men reminded the peddler that it was quite probable that they would land and follow down the bank of the river, and that, therefore, it behooved him to get away while yet there was time. Accordingly, he started to move off, but Jack seemed to think that it would be a pity to give the revenue men their chase for nothing, and so proceeded to prevail upon him to stay. At first I thought he was not quite strong enough to carry his point, but ultimately he proved to be, and when all was over, we sat down beside our fallen friend and waited for the future to shape his destiny. As we expected they would, the men of the tug soon appeared and took charge of our captive, who was, we learned, an old offender in his particular line.

It had been made known to the officer in charge that some peddler was in the vicinity of the place where we had picked up our passenger, and he had arranged for the tug to be in readiness to intercept him whenever he attempted to cross the lake.

Frank C. L. Carpenter.

DODGING A MOOSE.

A Boy's Adventure in a Canadian Bush.

HE was an ordinary, every-day sort of boy, probably the best kind after all; but he is looked on differently now. His companions in the little northern Canadian village look on him with mingled envy and respect, his elders point him out to the occasional stranger that ventures so far north, and the pretty young schoolmistress whose right arm was kept busy during the summer switching Tosh Dunham's hands, forgives him the unlearned lesson and the occasional trick, which even his newly-acquired dignity cannot prevent him indulging in. Tosh was glad. His toughened hands didn't feel to any extent the hickory switch, but he didn't like to tire the teacher and see that look of pain in her eyes.

He was a hardy little specimen of Canadian boyhood, and for a lad of fourteen tall and well set up. One day his teacher was dreamily looking at his frank, boyish face as he was awaiting punishment for hiding a hen and twelve chickens in her desk, and she asked: "Tosh, what are you going to be?" And he answered in a tone of confidence, as if that was a matter settled long ago: "A hunter, Miss." "Don't you wish to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or—or—" She hesitated—"or a clergyman?" Tosh's big brown eyes laughed. He a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman? Well, he would just like to see himself! "If you studied hard, you could," continued the little schoolmistress. "Why don't you?" Tosh stammered for a minute, but bracing himself up as if to resist the half-pleading voice said: "I'm going to be a hunter; Michel, and I have fixed it." She knew that almost every healthy-minded Canadian boy in the backwoods spent nearly all his spare time in the bush after rabbits and squirrels, and that the time at which he was supposed to

have arrived at manhood was the time he went on his first deer-hunt; but that Tosh had gone so far as to arrange his future with Michel, the half-breed hunter on the other side of the lake, amused her. It was with a half-sigh she gave him his whipping. "One clip for every chicken and two for the old hen," whispered Tosh as he took his seat and rubbed his hands on his trouser-legs. "Lucky I put that resin on my hands this morning; I knew I'd catch it. It's not fair asking a fellow if he did it. She should find out for herself." And Tosh then proceeded in defiance of all rules to tell his desk-mate that his father, Michel and three other men were going on a deer-hunt next Monday, when the season opened. His father said he might go, if he got his mother's consent, "to tend things in camp," and Tosh looked as if he was running a chance of being made a Knight of the Garter, or of obtaining his cross of the Legion of Honour. And his comrade looked upon Tosh with something approaching awe.

Tosh spent four days pleading with his mother, and—he went. The two days' trip through the depths of the northern forest to the hunting-ground impressed him, but to sit by the blazing camp-fire in the old deserted lumber-shanty and hear Michel tell of the hunts of other days before "de railway was in de north" and "the settler had not come," when the moose and the red-deer were as plentiful as "de cow in de pasture," and the skins of "de beaver and de mink" brought lots of flour and bacon to "de wigwams" of Indians, whites and half-breeds; this was unspeakable happiness to Tosh. And he would curl himself up in his blankets on his bed of fragrant balsam branches at night, and dream that he had lived in those days when deer were running around these woods like rabbits. He

didn't altogether like leaving bed and dreams an hour before daylight; but if he were to be a hunter he must. All hunters he remembered got up at that time, and he helped Michel to get breakfast ready so willingly that he earned what he considered the greatest praise that could be given—Michel's statement "dat he make de good hunter when beeg." At daylight the men went out to the different runways, or courses invariably taken by deer to the various lakes when pursued by dogs or wolves. Michel was to go out with the dogs until a scent was struck and the deer "started"; Tosh remained "to tend camp."

In half-an-hour he had the tin dishes washed, the beds made up and everything put to rights, and then he began to feel lonesome. He could hear the baying of the dogs in the distance, and he knew that Michael was in luck, and that a deer was bounding through the bush for its haven of refuge, the lake. He thought he could tell the roar of old Barney, the king of the pack, and it found an echo in his sportsman's heart. He would have some sport anyway, he thought. He took his double-barrelled breech-loader from his case and slipped a dozen cartridges into his pocket. Then carefully closing the door of the shanty for fear of the depredations of the artful, omnipresent wolverine, he tied on his snowshoes, for the snow was over a foot in depth, and with a muttered remark that "he would have a crack at the partridge anyway," walked in the direction of a young poplar bush, which he thought a likely place for "the North American Grouse." It wasn't a good day for partridge, for a slight storm had arisen, and the feathered game had probably sought the shelter of the balsam and spruce. But Tosh walked on. He must have gone a couple of miles from the camp, and was resting in the shelter of an immense pine tree, that had been uprooted in some of the fearful storms that sweep over that northern land. He had gone far enough, he thought. He untied his snowshoes to rest his

feet and ankles before starting on the return trip. He was wondering who it was that had fired the shot he had faintly heard a short time before, and was wishing with all the pent-up longing of a Canadian boy in the backwoods for a shot at a deer, when he saw the small poplars a few hundred yards to the right moving as if disturbed by some animal. It was easy to conceal himself behind the fallen tree, which lay as high as his shoulders, for, supported by the upturned roots at the bottom, it was two or three feet from the ground at the part where he stood. Tosh eagerly watched the waving poplars. He couldn't understand what animal could cause the trees to wave in that mysterious way. He carefully peeped over the tree. He could hear it now. At first he thought it was a horse, but remembered that there wasn't a horse within thirty miles. He felt nervous. But he almost gasped for breath, his heart seemed to be in his mouth, and his body trembled as if from an electric shock, for there—seventy-five yards away, almost in the open—was a huge bull moose. Tosh knew what it was in a second, for the head and antlers of one hung over the fire-place at home. It was the last moose shot in the district five years ago. This one had probably been driven south by some of the parties in the far north. Tosh didn't do anything, didn't stir, didn't think for a couple of minutes. His brain was in a whirl. And the moose, slowly browsing on the branches of the tender young poplars, was approaching the place where he stood concealed by the fallen tree. No wonder it made the bushes move, Tosh thought, as he looked at its enormous size, larger than any horse he had ever seen, and considered its wide-spreading antlers. "My, if I could only get him," he thought, when the huge beast stopped about twenty yards away and sniffed the air suspiciously. The wind was blowing from the moose to Tosh, or its delicate sense of smell would have detected the boy long before. As it was the wary animal suspected something. "Geewhilikins!"

thought Tosh, "he'll be off in a minute," and he cautiously raised his shotgun.

Now, if Tosh had known anything more about the disposition of a bull moose than what knowledge he had obtained from looking at a stuffed head and hearing a few stories, he would have hesitated before tackling one with bird-shot, but he didn't. Carefully sighting his gun on the breast of the leviathan of North American game which was facing him, he fired. The moose gave one tremendous bound and then stood still. Tosh stood up with head and shoulders fully exposed, and saw blood already staining the snow. "He's a goner," he exultingly said. But Tosh didn't know that he had tackled not only the wild animal of America that is the hardest to kill, but also the fiercest and most revengeful when wounded. There was a roar from the bleeding moose like that of thunder, when he saw whence his wound had come, and Tosh's hair seemed to stiffen on his head "like the quills of the fretful porcupine." He needn't be ashamed of the fact; older men than he have quivered at that awful roar of rage and revenge. This story would have been written only in the obituary columns of some local paper if it had not been for the two or three feet of space between that pine tree and the ground.

With a mad rush the infuriated animal made straight for Tosh. The boy seemed to be turned into stone until the moose rose on its hind legs a few yards away to strike him with his forefeet. As Tosh almost looked up at the terrible looking brute, he fell in a half-faint to the ground and he could hear its hoofs beating on the top of the tree like the blows of a sledge hammer. He still had sense enough to know that the fierce beast would soon be on the other side of the log and he just managed to crawl under as it jumped the tree. It stood where he had been a moment before, and stamped and pawed the ground in its frantic efforts to get at him. Tosh

could feel its hot breath as it placed its quivering nostrils under the tree and gave vent to its fearful roars. It tried the other side and again Tosh had to roll back. Again it jumped the tree, and Tosh, securing his gun which lay underneath beyond the reach of the moose, repeated his tactics. He was gradually getting cooler and was beginning to wonder when the beast was going away. But there was no such intention evident on the part of the moose. The more futile his efforts the more enraged he became. Tosh slipped another cartridge into his gun. His hand still trembled, but he managed to plant one charge low down in the moose's shoulder. This, if possible, seemed merely to add to its rage. He rushed at the immense tree and battered at it with his forefeet as if to batter it to pieces. He tore at it with his antlers. He threw his whole weight and strength against it until it quivered. As he pressed his head underneath it, Tosh gave him another charge high up on the nose. He recoiled for a minute, but, with the blood rushing from his nostrils in streams, he returned frantically to the attack. Tosh, however, had had time to remove the shells and reload his double-barrel, and taking as cool an aim as he could while lying on his breast, he fired at a distance of six feet point blank at the breast of the infuriated bull. It made a gigantic leap and was on the same side as Tosh, but it seemed dazed for a moment and the boy had time to scramble under the tree. It renewed its efforts, however, but the blood was pouring from its wounds and its struggles were weaker. "That's the medicine," said Tosh, who recognized by this time that he could play that game of hide-and-seek as well as the moose, and he reloaded both barrels. The huge beast gathered himself together for a final rush, and with lowered head charged furiously at the tree. He couldn't have been more than four feet from the muzzle of the gun, for the hair was burnt from his forehead, when Tosh let him have both barrels. The moose tottered for a few yards to one

side and then, with lowered head and glazing eyes, stood for fully five minutes. Then he wavered and with a dull crash fell dead. Tosh stayed underneath that tree for another five minutes. He had a feeling that he would like to be sure that moose was dead before he ventured further.

Tosh got back to camp first, and the rest of the party dropped in one by one and told of the hard luck of the day, and how the deer that Michel started was missed. At length, Tosh said, with a ring of exultation in his voice that he couldn't restrain, "I shot a bull-moose." They would hardly be-

lieve him till they stood by its huge body, and then the usually undemonstrative Michel hugged Tosh, and then placing a hand on either shoulder of the lad, said, "You hunter now, not wait till beeg," and then he showed his white teeth.

But Tosh, when he receives compliments on his powers, never tells that often at night he sees the blood-shot eyes, feels the fetid breath, and hears the fierce batterings of hoofs and the thunderous roars of a bull-moose, as he lies asleep in his little room at home.

Charles Lewis Shaw.

A NOTABLE CANADIAN NOVEL.*

A Review.

THE enquiry as to who shall write the great American novel is still being eagerly prosecuted by those who seemingly are not content with Nathaniel Hawthorne's marvellous "Scarlet Letter," or the best of Cooper's Leather-stocking series, and each new production of William Dean Howells, Harold Frederick, Dr. Weir Mitchell, and others of the modern band of novelists is critically studied in the hope of discovering an answer to the question.

In view of her admitted youth in literary matters as compared with her sister republic, there would not yet seem to be any special onus resting upon the Dominion to be in haste to provide a response to the query: Who shall write the great Canadian novel? And during the continuance of this period of grace the field is surely wide open unto all who may with due modesty enter upon it, and make what showing they can of their gifts and genius.

We read some little time ago a clever article pointing out how the leading authors of the day, following the fashion of certain European powers,

had annexed with their pen—in this case at least proving mightier than the sword—large tracts of territory which they had made their own. Thus Kipling had appropriated India, Rider Haggard South Africa, and Gilbert Parker Canada.

The writer, of course, was not entirely in earnest. He did not really mean that these countries, with all their wealth of romance, were to be given over to the authors named until they saw fit to abandon them to others. But there was this much truth to his humorous argument that any writer who ventures into the fields in which the Kiplings and Parkers have won their fame, inevitably invites comparisons, and thereby accentuates the difficulty of his position.

In no wise daunted by his understanding of this fact, however, Mr. William Douw Lighthall has gallantly offered the public an historic romance that quietly, yet firmly, demands much consideration side by side with so strong and popular a piece of work as "The Seats of the Mighty."

The genesis of the book is some-

* "The False Chevalier, or the Lifeguard of Marie Antoinette." F. E. Grafton & Sons, Montreal, 1898.

what of a romance of itself. Some years ago there was discovered in a well-hidden recess in an ancient manor house in French Canada, a bundle of papers in remarkably good condition, an examination of which revealed an extraordinary story. These papers came into Mr. Lighthall's hands, as seemed but fitting in view of his ardent interest in all that relates to the ancient regime, and from them he has constructed the story before us.

Mr. Lighthall came to the task singularly well-prepared. No novice in literature, for he had already published one novel, "The Young Seigneur," and edited that admirable anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," he was also deeply learned in the lore of the Canada that is long past. It was not difficult for him, therefore, to surround himself with the atmosphere of a vanished period, and in imagination to re-live the bye-gone days. This he has accomplished with quite satisfying success as regards the Canadian portion of his work. The whole thing appears so very natural and life-like that it perchance may seem to savour of hypercriticism if one hesitates to characterize in the same way that part of the story where the action shifts to old France, and we exchange the sturdy habitant for the elegant courtier. Mr. Lighthall manifestly knows his Canadians better than he does his courtiers.

The unfolding of the plot is both skilful and consistent, and we cannot withhold our sympathy—nay, our admiration—from Germain Lecour, even when our sense of truth and honour most roundly condemns him. He was far from being a villain born. He might without cavil claim to be in large measure the victim of circumstances—and, we may add, of the blind god of love, and he pays so terrible a price for his deceit almost from the day he begins to practice it that one cannot help feeling he adequately expiates his wrong-doing, and merits absolution at the reader's hands. As for Cyrene, she is quite the conventional heroine, just as the Abbé Jude is the conven-

tional villain, and there are other characters of less prominence in the story who are far more convincingly handled. The French Revolution—that most appalling episode in the history of humanity—which has fascinated so many pens of such varying strength, from Carlyle and Dickens to the perpetrators of the "Shilling Shocker," is treated with much care and considerable brilliancy by Mr. Lighthall; but we think he would have been wiser had he, in his concluding chapter, avoided all possibility of comparison with what is incomparably Dickens' greatest achievement, to wit, the last chapter of "A Tale of Two Cities."

Another comparison into which Mr. Lighthall ventures is with the masterpiece of that man of one book, Mr. William Kirby, and it is to be noted that his reading of the story of the Golden Dog differs in some material points from that of his predecessor. Not being sufficiently versed in the authentic history underlying the legend to pass judgment upon the respective romancers we must leave that duty to more competent hands, simply contenting ourselves with the remark that Mr. Lighthall makes very effective use of the legend, and that its introduction contributes substantially to the strength of his work.

Passing from the major to the minor characters of the story we find ourselves deeply touched by the fine old Chevalier de Bailleux, who takes Germain Lecour to his heart and home that he may in some measure serve to fill the place of the beloved son the Chevalier had lost, and we cannot help rejoicing that he passes away in serene ignorance of his protegee's deceit, and loving him warmly to the last.

Germain's father, the worthy, prosperous merchant of St. Elphege, and the affectionate ambitious mother are also well-drawn, and carry conviction with them.

As for the Marquis de Lotbinière, the genuine Repentigny, and the host of more or less brilliant figures that crowd Mr. Lighthall's pages, they are

somewhat of the stock company sort, and make no very deep impression upon the reader.

We have characterized this work of fiction as being a notable one. It certainly is such in many respects, and one that gives good promise of still better work from the same pen in the future. Mr. Gilbert Parker does not monopolize the Canadian field. He himself would be the very first to dis-

claim any such pretention, and however admirably he may have availed himself of the abundant materials for romance our country affords, there are surely ample room and verge enough for others who possess the gifts of understanding and interpretation. Mr. Lighthall has thoroughly asserted his right to a place in Canadian literature, and we trust will not fail of due reward for his excellent work.

J. Macdonald Oxley.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE most remarkable feature of a month stuffed with remarkable events was the Czar's "peace encyclical," as an English paper styled it. It cannot be said that the proposal for a disarmament has been well received. Even in England, where every commercial instinct cries for peace, the Czar's proposal is looked at askance. There is a disposition to regard the Russian autocrat as the foxes regarded their tailless brother while he held forth on the advantages of his misfortune. "We fear the Greeks bringing gifts" is the attitude of some of the powers. Since the present Czar ascended the throne there has been no pause in the efforts to push Russian conquests across Asia. At the very moment that the olive branch was extended, Russian movements appeared so ominous that the British Foreign Office was engaged in a serious effort to discover what they meant and to what they pointed. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer had a short time before specifically mentioned Russia as a power whose actions were a justification for great additions to the navy.

From this to proposals for disarmament is a long step, and it is natural that the tempting morsel is eyed with suspicion, as if a hook were concealed somewhere among its folds. This is to be regretted. Europe, indeed it might be said the world, has looked

forward to some means of escape from the burden of militarism under which the nations stagger. "If some influential ruler would but set the example" has been the thought of thousands. Here is everything required. The most powerful human being on the earth makes the suggestion. The one man who at a word could disarm a million men—the commander of a host which has for years been a menace to east and west. The proposal may be prompted by his needs; it can scarcely be by his fears. Yet the nations that were supposed to be looking for someone to speak the word receive this epochal document with marked coolness and suspicion.

In France's case we can hardly wonder at this. Her alliance with the northern power was not an alliance of peace. It had no meaning for "all Gaul," unless a disturbing meaning. Whatever the views of public men may be, Chauvinist France has one thought uppermost—the recovery of the lost Provinces, with the incidental repayment of the humiliations of 1871. The nation has been hugging itself that by the Russian alliance it had secured a vastly powerful friend in its programme for compelling restitution and the administration of poetic justice. The Czar's document was a notice that he at least was not disposed to be an actor in this drama. The feelings of

the duped nation may be imagined, and would perhaps be more freely expressed were it not for the internal scandal that has taken the place of the Panama cancer as an indication of the moral health of France. The Czar may well doubt of the belligerent usefulness of an ally whose army officers go about mouthing of their honour when their whole care recently has been to protect self-confessed forgers and perjurers.

In England the Czar's proposal is so strongly contrasted with the daily actions of his servants in Asia that it almost struck the nation as a joke. Nevertheless, it there met with an encouraging recognition that was nowhere else accorded it. The *Times*, while saying that great nations did not readily commit themselves to a mere academical debate devoid of practical issues, nevertheless recognized that the Czar's invitation to discuss disarmament was in itself "a great international fact, which, even if it leads to no immediate result, will confer lasting honour on his name and reign." The German Emperor is reported to have said that a powerful and efficient army was Germany's best guarantee of peace. The question is, however: Will a conference such as the Czar suggests be held? No nation can refuse and at the same time maintain the excuse that excessive armaments are imposed on it because of the menace of its neighbours. If a conference is got together, some of us are optimistic enough to believe that considerable good will flow from it. That it will be begun in a spirit of dubiety is, perhaps, all the better. If the difficulties are foreseen, all the more likely that they will be earnestly considered, and if a way out escapes the ingenuity of the negotiators, there will at least be no danger of a sudden collapse of the conference as the result of disappointment. We can all sincerely hope that the "Czar's encyclical" will bear fruit.

It is but a few short weeks since the English papers and the London corres-

pondents of American journals were recording and bewailing the numerous diplomatic defeats Lord Salisbury had sustained. His following was declared to be mutinous because of the weakness he had shown. The Southport election was interpreted as an electoral rebuke of his foreign policy. Now the whole scene changes. The big marquis is found scoring all over the world. On his representation Li Hung Chang has been dismissed from office as the tool of the Russian Government. An understanding has been come to with Germany on all African questions, and Oom Paul's imperial friend has turned his back on him. Russia has been compelled to recognize that Britain has at least an equal interest in the far East. On the top of it all comes Gen. Kitchener's great achievement in the Sudan, which is a triumph of arms and not of diplomacy. In presence of these events the voice of criticism is for the moment hushed.

The taking of Khartoum is a point in historic time. It is all the more acceptable to the British people because it assures them of the services of a great soldier for any hour of stress that may be ahead of them. Sir Herbert Kitchener's foe had not the advantage of the modern arms that a more civilized opponent would be able to employ. He had, however, a vast advantage in the impregnability of the position he occupied. Entrenched behind endless leagues of burning desert he appeared to be safe from assault. But the Sir-dar collected an army, much of which he had to create out of unpromising Egyptian and Soudanese material; he gathered stores and gun-boats, built railways, and proceeding with machine-like regularity and calculation appeared before the walls of Khartoum, on what, without resort to colloquialism, may truly be described as schedule time. It was a great achievement, and it is remarkable how calm and unwavering was the confidence expressed in England that the matter would be done just as it has been done. We may look for a renewal of youth in that

ancient land lying along what, from the dawn of time, has been regarded as the greatest and most mysterious river of the earth. Herodotus revered Egypt as the source from which Grecian civilization had sprung. It has sounded many depths since then, but it is still young in its capabilities, and men who are no longer in their prime will undoubtedly witness in their day a vast stir in the land of the Pharaohs. The sight of the hunted husbandmen creeping timidly back to the abandoned plough will, of itself, be sufficient justification for the efforts and expenditures required for the overthrow of the Khalifa.



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

SIR H. H. KITCHENER—SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

There is something epic in the thought of what Egypt may become under the influence of peace, order and justice. A land which emerges from its yearly baptism recreated and fresh as when the Noachian flood retreated to the great deeps! Here there can be no progressive sterility, but the soil rich this year as it was a thousand years ago, or as it will be a thousand years hence. Surely the rescuing of such a land from the clutches of ignorance, rapine and murder was a knightly deed—the freeing of the beautiful princess from the Ogre's chains. The rumour that the Marchand Expedition had taken possession of Fashoda introduces a new element in the matter, and is ominous of misunderstandings with France. It is stated that an enemy at Fashoda could turn the whole Nile valley into a desert by diverting the stream at that point. If this be true, the objection to the French or the representatives of any other nation at Fashoda is legitimate. No man acquires a house at great expense and then allows a stranger, who may be a foe, to take possession of the key.

That is the position in Egypt, if it is true that the Nile could be diverted at Fashoda with comparatively little effort, and it need scarcely be said, therefore, that Major Marchand and his band of Frenchmen and Abyssinians will be dispossessed at Fashoda, be the consequences what they may.

The wise man may well say "Heaven save us from jingoism," but the calmest pulse can scarcely fail to be quickened at the growth of that red cross on the map of Africa—the approaching arms of steel rails stretching towards each other from North and South—Cecil Rhodes driving up by the shores of Lake Tanganyika, on the one hand, and Herbert Kitchener hurrying to Fashoda on the other, while from east and west the other arms of the cross approach to meet in mid-Africa. Let it be hoped that it is a signal of a happy civilization and light for that dark continent that has been the mystery of the ages.

The aftermath of the war is somewhat unpleasant for both countries. Spain's sad condition has driven the

Premier to say from his place in the Cortes that the race is anæmic. If he had said that the ruling classes are anæmic, or something worse, he would have been nearer the mark. The Spanish soldier and sailor showed that they are still ready to die for the flag, but the rottenness in high places withers the roots. Spain needs very much a Man. In the United States the conduct of the war is the uppermost topic. The Democrats are, of course, using the evidences of bad management as a stick to beat their opponents with at the fall elections. There can be no doubt, however, that many lives were needlessly sacrificed, both by bad gen-

eralship and bad organization. As to the generalship, it is probably true that the spirit of the people acting on a weak commander is responsible for the ill-prepared attack on Santiago, which led to an unnecessary slaughter and the subsequent cruel inroads of disease on the weakened troops. Had Gen. Shafter adopted siege methods in capturing the city, there would undoubtedly have been a derisive burst from the jingo press. He was not strong enough to hold this in contempt, and the consequence was a continuous bungling that only the weakness of the foe did not convert into disaster.

John A. Ewan.

FAITH.

THEY tell me that the earth is round,
And not the plain it seems to be;
The sky rests not upon the ground,
But spreads in grand immensity.
I only know yon woods and hills,
And this old orchard by our home,
The village road, the meadow rills,
And over these a vaulted dome.

They say the ocean, vast and deep,
Is surging round earth's farthest shore,
And that the rills and rivers creep
Forever on to meet its roar.
I only know the sea is His,
Who the creation's objects planned;
And there can nothing be amiss
That's held in an Almighty hand.

Enough to contemplate the worth,
The height, the depth, of that great love
That stretches ever o'er the earth,
Unto the utmost parts thereof;
Enough to know He guides yon rill
To meet, it may be, the wide sea,
Who gave the magic "Peace, be still,"
That calmed the waves of Gallilee.

They tell me that the future veils
Grave mysteries from you and me,
And that the sin of Eve entails
God's vengeance through eternity.
I only know conflicting creeds
Contending men have striven to prove;
God knows our nature and our needs,
And I believe that God is love.

Frank Lawson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THERE has never existed in this country a magazine which paid for all its contributions. The Canadian Magazine in its early days paid for a few of its articles, but many were given without expectation of remuneration. During 1897, the percentage of unpaid contributions was about twenty-five per cent. During 1898, out of the two hundred contributions which have appeared in these pages, more than ninety-five per cent. have been paid for, the price varying from five to twenty-five dollars.

This statement is made in self-defence, not as a boast. Some unkind persons have been insinuating that this magazine is a charitable, not a business institution. There still exist a few carping critics who are determined that any Canadian publication with "pretensions" shall be well snubbed.

Sometimes men who accomplish much for their country receive little praise. Mr. Mulock's efforts in behalf of cheaper postal rates have, however, been much appreciated and profusely lauded. Too much, however, must not be expected. What the Postmaster-General has done is to force the British post-office authorities to agree to a two-cent rate between Great Britain and Canada. He has not yet decided to give us a two-cent rate within the Dominion or to the United States. In order to make up part of the annual deficiency in his department, he will, after January 1st, collect revenue from all publications (with local exceptions) using the mails. To many this seems to be a reform, but to others—perhaps more far-seeing—it appears to be a retrograde step. It certainly is opposed

to the idea of confederation, which was to facilitate intercommunication between the provinces. Mr. Mulock's newspaper postage Act bears most heavily on those publications which have a Dominion circulation.

The exodus from the summer resorts has been the usual feature of September, and Canada is settling down to its season of earnest work. The universities and colleges in the cities are throwing open their doors to old and new pupils. The high schools and collegiate institutes have welcomed back their bright-faced inhabitants to somewhat unwelcome tasks. The languid air of society is being displaced by one of growing intensity. The man who has been gathering the summer harvest forms the only exception. He has stored his golden sands and is now free to attend the fall fairs, and to prepare schemes for whiling away the long winter evenings.

Speaking of schools and colleges, the growing interest among Canadians in musical education must be noticed. The number of colleges which give special attention to music has grown rapidly in recent years. Some of these have become real universities in scope and attendance. Enquiry at the Toronto Conservatory of Music elicited the information that last year nine hundred and twenty-two pupils attended for instruction. This is somewhat startling. Of course, this is the oldest and most successful college of its kind in Canada, and it has been fortunate in possessing a brilliant staff and modern management. Nevertheless, the fact that nearly one thousand persons from all parts of Canada, as well

as several from the United States and the Bahama Islands attended this one college shows the increasing interest in musical education. While Mr. Edward Fisher, the projector and musical director of this institution, may be congratulated on the success which has come to him, the country must also be congratulated upon having so many excellent musical colleges and so many parents anxious that the youth of the country should be taught something of a branch of learning which may justly be classed among the high arts.

For once I am going to dare to give a personal opinion in this column—not the opinion of *The Canadian Magazine*, but of the obscure individual who is sometimes known as editor. This particular outbreak of mine deals with the Prohibition Question and my opinion upon that interesting subject. I am quite positive that the Prohibition people are endeavouring to do what the small boy in the fable did when he put his hand into the neck of the pitcher to draw out some nuts. They are grasping after too much. If they would ask for the closing of saloons and bar-rooms they might succeed; and most of the evils of which they complain would be eradicated. It is the treating system which ruins the young man, and the weak adult. Do away with treating and these will be saved from temptation. But when the Prohibition people endeavour to do away with the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors they are asking too much. Reforms must be gradual, and if Prohibitionists are not willing to reform gradually, then they are revolutionists, and must be classed with the socialists and anarchists. It is absolutely impossible to make Canada a Prohibition country, because the best and brainiest men in this country are opposed to it. They are all willing to close the saloons, but they are not willing to stop private drinking. A man's house is his castle, and his personal freedom is the brightest jewel in his crown. No thinking man would dare to invade or encroach

upon either of these blood-bought privileges.

As for parliament granting Prohibition even if the people ask for it—it makes me smile! Parliament granting Prohibition! The man who preaches or practices in the back-woods may, in his innocence, believe it. But if he would go to the House on the Hill at Ottawa, and hear the clink of glasses in the basement, on the ground floor and in the private attic rooms, he would change his opinion. You cannot buy contracts and positions and constituencies without wine, and all these things are being bought every day in that haunt of the politician. Parliament grant Prohibition! I am so sure it will not, that I am willing to vote for the plebiscite if my one ballot would mean changing an adverse vote into a favourable one.

A London, England, newspaper has quoted Professor Goldwin Smith as having stated that Canada has no literature. It is hard to discover whence this journal derives its authority. In Johnson's *Universal Cyclopedia*, Volume II., there is an article on Canadian Literature by the Professor, the opening sentences of which are as follows:

"British Canada has literary men, perhaps in full proportion to her circumstances and opportunities; but she cannot be said to have a national literature, as she has no distinct nationality. Her leading writers commonly publish in London, Edinburgh, or New York. Of her native authors some have gone to reside in other parts of the British Empire or in the United States. Some of her authors are not native. The late Sir Daniel Wilson was a conspicuous member of a group resident in Canada, but fully as much British as Canadian. French Canada, on the other hand, has a nationality distinct both from that of the British, with whom her people, though politically united, do not amalgamate, and from that of the French from whom she has not only been severed by conquest, but estranged by the French Revolution, the effects of which she did not share. Her literature, therefore, may be said to be national, and forms a subject for separate notice."

It will be seen from this quotation that the Professor admits that both British Canada and French Canada have a literature, and so far as this is true that

there is a Canadian literature. He, however, seems to doubt that this literature can be justly dignified with the title "national literature," because he maintains that Canada has no distinct nationality.

This latter reason is open to two interpretations. In the first place, because Canada may be divided into two parts, one with British leanings and one with French leanings, she cannot be said to be a nation in the sense of being a unity. If this is the Professor's meaning, then Canada will never have a national literature until the British and French races and languages are so merged into one that they will be undistinguishable.

The second interpretation of the Professor's statement is, that Canada has no national literature because she is not a nation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has stated in recent speeches that Canada is a nation. Sir Hibbert Tupper, in his article in our last month's issue, shows that he holds the opposite view, that Canada is not a nation and has no national status. Most people who have studied constitutional history will agree with Sir Hibbert rather than with Sir Wilfrid. If this view is correct, then the Professor is justified in saying that we have no national literature.

Whichever interpretation of the Professor's reason be accepted, he would appear to be technically correct in saying that we have no national literature. At the same time, he has perhaps overlooked the fact that the literature of French Canada and the literature of British Canada, the existence of both of which he admits, possess a common element, viz : a patriotism which cannot have had its birth in either Great Britain or France, a patriotism which is native of the soil, and which is to a great extent the mainspring of Canadian progress.

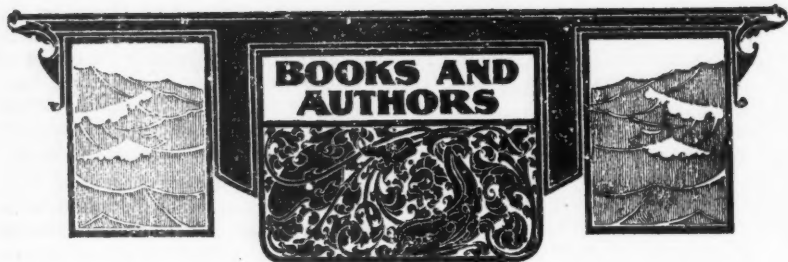
If, however, the Professor has not gone as far as some enthusiastic Canadians would desire, his whole life and conduct has shown that he appreciates

the literary work which has been done in Canada. Struggling Canadian literateurs have always had a friend in the learned and scholarly occupant of "The Grange," and it would be very unfair for any person to maintain that the Professor does not admit that there is such a thing as literature in Canada.

Canada's literature may not be a unity and may not be national, but it certainly is growing both in quality and quantity. Many important books written by Canadians have been published during the present year, and several others are announced for the remaining months. Some of these books are being published in this country, some in the United States, some in England, and some in all three. But they are none the less Canadian. The same may be said of short stories and descriptive and review articles. Canadian pens are finding more employment both at home and abroad, and as a consequence are becoming more skilful. One result of this growth of skill is the improved quality of our newspaper and magazine work. Our newspapers are better than they ever were ; our weeklies and monthlies are steadily improving.

To turn from the general to the particular, it may not be amiss to announce that in the next issue of this publication there will be commenced a new serial story by a Canadian writer. Canadian serials are not numerous, and, therefore, this one should attract some attention. The author is Joanna E. Wood, whose two books, "The Untempered Wind" and "Judith Moore," are already widely known. As a descriptive writer and as an analyst of human nature, Miss Wood is undoubtedly in the front rank of Canadian writers. Her work will bear comparison with that of Sara Jeanette Duncan or Gilbert Parker, the two leaders in the field of fiction so far as native-born Canadians are concerned.

John A. Cooper.



PROFESSOR ALEXANDER is one of the few men on the staff of the University of Toronto, who has, since the death of President Wilson, and the departure of Professor Baldwin, Ashley and Chapman, shown that a University teacher may also be a scholar of some width and depth. His book on Browning was well received, and his new volume on Shelley* will no doubt be as much appreciated. His introduction opens with these sentences:

"The impress of Shelley's character is stamped everywhere upon his work. In his case, to an even greater degree than usual, some knowledge of the man is necessary for the understanding of his writings. To furnish this knowledge, in as far as our narrow limits will permit, is the aim of the following sketch."

In the sketch of Shelley's life the Professor relates the following:

"There is a story told by Shelley that once during the holidays he had an attack of fever, and during convalescence heard remarks of the servants which showed that his father designed to send him to a private madhouse; in great terror the boy despatched a messenger to Dr. Lind, who responded to the appeal, saw Mr. Timothy Shelley, and induced him to abandon the design. Whatever the basis for this story, the idea of a malevolent plot against himself must have arisen from that tendency to illusions, and that deep-rooted suspicion of his father, which haunted the poet throughout his life."

This visionary poet was born in Sussex, on August 4, 1792, and was drowned off the coast of Italy in 1822. In his introduction, which occupies some seventy pages of this four hundred page volume, Professor Alexander outlines the leading events of this life and the nature of the work. Then follow selected poems, including: Alastor, Prometheus Unbound, Song and Choruses from Hellas, Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills, Adonais, and Ode to Liberty. About eighty pages of notes complete this most interesting, scholarly and valuable volume.



TWO NOVELS.

It is hardly to be expected that every piece of fiction issued by any particular publisher shall be a masterpiece. Yet it is only reasonable that a publisher should have a certain standard of quality, and that he should make some attempt to maintain it. The imprint of a house should be some recommendation.

These remarks are inspired by a reading of two novels just issued by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, England. One, entitled "A Harvest Festival," by J. Kent, is as mediocre a bit of work, and as uninteresting and as insipid a tale, as one could imagine finding expression in print. The other, "The Queen's Serf," by

* Select Poems of Shelley; Edited with Introduction and Notes by W. J. Alexander, Professor of English in University College, Toronto. Boston and London: Ginn & Co.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling, is a charming story, brightly told, humorous and pathetic, and containing enough historical fact to make it instructive and thought-producing. "The Queen's Serf" was the significant appellation given in the days of Queen Anne to a man who had been condemned to death, and whose sentence had been commuted. Ambrose Gwinett was a young man, who, staying over night in a crowded inn on his way to visit his married sister, is put to sleep with the landlord. Next morning the landlord has disappeared and blood marks are found on the bed linen. Ambrose is arrested, tried and hanged. Owing to the fact that he went into a trance just before the hanging, he is still alive when gibbeted. His friends discover this and release him. He leaves the country, goes to America, is captured by the Spaniards and thrown into a Louisiana prison. He afterwards meets with the bed-fellow for whose death he had been hanged. The mystery is explained, and Ambrose returns to England to prove his innocence. The book may be highly recommended, both for matter and style, and for the excellence of character delineation displayed by the author.



AN ANNUAL.

"Yule Logs" is the name of Longman's Xmas Annual for 1898.* The editor is Mr. G. A. Henty, the famous writer of boys' stories. In the volume are eleven tales, the matter and illustrations of which prove that they are intended to please imaginative boys. Most of the stories are highly improbable, full of lurid description and vivid incident. While not models of literary style, or constructed with a view to inculcate wholesome or religious precepts, they are such as will hold the interest of any boy who may be favoured with a presentation copy of the volume. "A Fighting Mermaid," by Kirk Munroe, is a tale of naval warfare, eccentric in plot and incident, but semi-scientific in its subject-matter—naval struggles. Mr. Henty's story, "On a Mexican Ranch," is full of local colouring, such as might be given by a writer who had seen Texas life at a distance of several thousand miles. It reminds one of the fact that our own J. Macdonald Oxley made his mark as a writer of North-West stories of adventure several years before he ever saw the North-West.



NOTES.

The "Dulce Domum Supplement" of *The Independent Forester* (Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., 25 cents), contains stories by Robert Barr, Quiller Couch, P. Y. Black and Bret Harte. There is also an illustrated article on Toronto. Bridgen, Simonski and Goode illustrate the stories.

Mrs. Sheard's story "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," now in the press of Wm. Briggs, will have a number of illustrations made specially for it by the eminent American artist, Reginald B. Birch, whose work is so well known to readers of *St. Nicholas*, *The Ladies' Journal* and other periodicals.

"A Woman of Fortune," by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Lilac Sun-bonet," "The Raiders," etc., will shortly be published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited. In it Mr. Crockett has broken new ground, the heroine being an American girl, highly educated, refined and beautiful, but of independent spirit. The scene is laid in Switzerland and in England, and the story is told in Mr. Crockett's well-known vivacious and forcible style. The same firm will also bring out "The Minister of State," by another Scot, J. A. Stewart, author of "In the Day of Battle," etc., of whom W. E. Henley writes: "Mr. Stewart writes

* Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

the English tongue with real distinction. He has temperament, brains, style, an ideal, a strong sense of his duty to the public and to art. You read him eagerly, right to the last page."

Robert Barr's new novel, "Tekla," will be issued shortly. There will be a special Canadian edition.

Dr. T. W. Mills, Professor of Physiology in McGill, has issued a work on "The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence."

The Hon. J. W. Longley, of Nova Scotia, has written a book on "Love," which will be published this month. Mr. Longley has a readiness of language, a breadth of thought, and a brightness of style which should enable him to add something of permanent value to Canadian literature.

Those interested in French Canadian books may be glad to learn that Pierre Georges Roy, of Lévis, Que., has recently published the following: *Le Dernier Recollet Canadien*, *Un Chanoine de L'Ancien Chapitre de Quebec*, *Un Historien Canadien Oublié*, *Voltaire et Madame de Pompadour*, *Les Catacombes de Rome*, *Annibal*, *Les Deux Abbes de Fenelon*. The latter is the newest, and its author is the Abbé Verreau.

The fourth volume of "Canada: An Encyclopædia" will contain a historical sketch of Presbyterianism, and shorter sketches of the minor religious denominations. Some of the other subjects to be treated are: the universities, art, music, sculpture, military matters of the last sixty years, timber and forest wealth. As this publication advances, the matter seems to be increasing in value; and when one glances over the list of contributors, one is surprised at the number of prominent men there is in Canada, when all the various branches of activity and culture are considered as a whole.

Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with Bismarck, kept a private diary. He now gives to the world two volumes of matter on the great chancellor, (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., \$7.50) which throw much light on that statesman's character. The work bears the stamp of authenticity, but a cursory glance through it will convince anyone that Bismarck would not have approved of it, and Emperor William will be sorry to have it handed out to the British public. It shows Bismarck's hatred of England, and his unscrupulous methods in prosecuting both his domestic and his foreign policy. In other words, it reveals a new Bismarck, a much less noble one than we have been wont to admire.

Wm. Briggs has in the press a volume of "Upper Canada Sketches," by Mr. Thos. Conant, of Oshawa, to be issued in October, with a large number of coloured illustrations in lithograph, made for the work by Mr. F. Shrapnel, a cousin, we believe, of the inventor of the deadly Shrapnel shell. The author is descended from Pilgrim stock, one of his forbears being Roger Conant, first governor of Massachusetts. The branch of the family to which Mr. Conant belongs came to Canada with the U. E. Loyalist migration, and settled on the site of the present town of Oshawa. Of the early history of the family Mr. Conant has much to tell, and gives racey sketches of life in the settlement, and incidents connected with the war of 1812, the rebellion of 1837, and later events.

The admirers of Gilbert Parker will undoubtedly welcome a new story by this Canadian author, "The Battle of the Strong," which will be published by the Copp, Clark Co., by October 15th. The scene is laid in the island of Jersey, at the time of the French Revolution. There is an inexhaustible mine of romance in the Channel Islands. The very nationality of the people makes them unique, for there they live nearer to France than to England, speaking the French language, and yet unswerving in their loyalty to England. But to these

Norman descendants of William's followers it is the most natural thing in the world, "because," they tell you, with a simplicity unconscious of mirth, "we are the conquering race; we conquered England, England did not conquer us." Then, too, the author has been wise in choosing his time, for many strange histories, pathetic, thrilling, belong to these poor remnants of the French nobility, who had fled for refuge from the tyranny of the mob, while the naval warfare being waged at that time between England and France prevents any possibility of tameness in the narrative.

In "The House of Hidden Treasure," by Maxwell Gray, (George N. Morang, Toronto) the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has presented the public with a book which has about it the unmistakable marks of greatness. There are bits of description in this book that for vividness and power equal anything that we can call to mind in modern fiction; and there is a variety of scene that is as charming as it is well-painted. But these are but accessories. The great interest of the work lies in the unfolding and development of the character of Grace Dorrien—"Jack" Dorrien, as she is called by her familiars at one phase of her history—a personage who, it may be predicted, will live in the minds of men when many of the characters depicted in the evanescent fiction of the day have faded into nothingness and been forgotten. It is by its moral strength that "The House of Hidden Treasure" will live. It touches the deepest springs of human nature, its women palpitate with life, its men are no mere marionettes. As the story element is strong also, it will be gathered that "The House of Hidden Treasure" is a book in a thousand. It is a love story and a sad story. It is also one that leaves the reader with a profound feeling of gratitude to its author; she makes life rise to higher levels.

"The Wonderful Century," by Alfred Russel Wallace, (George N. Morang, Toronto) is a notable book, by reason not only of its intrinsic character, but from the distinguished position held by the author in the world of science. His "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, with remarks on the Vocabularies of the Amazonian Languages," was published in 1853, but his more celebrated paper "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," was read before the Linnæan Society in 1858. This has been called the first public announcement of the evolution theory which subsequently became associated with the name of Darwin. As a matter of fact, Darwin's first utterance and Wallace's were contemporary, if not simultaneous. Wallace is further known as a past President of the Biological Branch of the British Association, and as a profound naturalist. He is also a very independent thinker, witness the fact that among the headings in this last book, "The Wonderful Century," we find "The Neglect of Phrenology," and "The Opposition to Hypnotism and Psychological Research." Also "Vaccination a Delusion." Generally speaking, the volume is one that presents the triumphs of the century in various departments, and that also makes a critical and judicial examination of its failures. It is a valuable and suggestive book.

A HOLIDAY GIFT.—"The Untempered Wind" and "Judith Moore," by Joanna E. Wood. Handsomely Bound. Per Sett, \$2.00. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co.

IDEAL MOMENTS

COMPENSATIONS.

"THERE'S always compensations," said Uncle Redbarn, when I told him how I had come out in my law examination with just two marks too little.

"Praps if you'd studied hard enough to pass, getting them two marks might ha' been the last straw to break the camel's back, and you might have broke down entirely, and had to lay off for six months. Ever hear of Jim Gregson?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Gregson was a pretty middlin' sort of a cove as had got to the age of thirty or thereabouts, without doin' anything very remarkable. Sort of a drummer he was. Well, he went to the depot—he was livin' in Chicago at the time—to take the train to Detroit, and just as he got there the blamed train was steaming out of the other end."

"Bad luck for him."

"Ah! but wait a bit. There was a widow there as had missed the train, too. And Jim-my comforted her, and blowed if they didn't make a match of it. She had a good bit o' money coming in regular, and the sweetest little house you'd see in a day's tramp."

"Ah, that was better!"

"But she died, and the income died with her."

"Bad luck again for him."

"Yes, it cut him up a good deal, and he happened to take up a big Bible to read a suitable verse of Scripture. And what's he find in it but an envelope addressed "For my dear Jim." And when he opened the envelope there was ten \$50 bills in it."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, and, you bet, he felt a deal comforted to think how she'd remembered him. He made up his mind to sell off the furniture and things and go to New York. Well, the first time he tried to pass one of them there \$50 bills he got arrested. Turned out they was bad."

"That was a set-back for him."

"Yes, but when he told the full story out in Court, and how he'd met the widow, and married her, and found them bills in the Bible, there was an editor of one of them fiction papers that fixed the affair, and bailed him out, and engaged him to write stories for his paper at \$100 a week."

"Well, if ever."

"The paper busted in about a month, though; you can't carry the law of compensation too far," said Uncle reflectively.

Hiram Gates.

THE MODERN LECTURER.

There's one great advantage about the modern lecture platform: it enables you to tell when a man becomes famous. When a man becomes famous is, as a rule, just twenty-four hours before you find him on the lecture platform.

There is another advantage about the lecture platform, but to appreciate this fully it is necessary to be famous and pay a visit to America. "Pay a visit," by the by, is the phrase usually adopted; though as a matter of fact it is generally the visit that pays you. A mere matter of idiom, you see.

Another point to be noticed in connection with fame and lecturing is that to succeed in either you need to have a good deal of nerve. Possibly this is the reason why so many men that succeed in the one take to the other. Their supply of nerve is generally ample for both.

Some people, it is true, object to famous men lecturing. It is to be noticed, however, that all such objectors are obscure individuals. No famous man has yet objected. Should he ever do so he will probably make millions lecturing on the subject.

The moral of all which seems to be: Don't go on the lecture platform unless you're famous, and don't keep off it if you are.

H. C. Boulbee.

THE SUPERNUMERARY WATCH.

On the day after that on which Mr. Algernon Horace D'Ardine ceased to be an infant, in the sight of the law, and had taken formal possession of a very comfortable property, he astonished the maiden aunt who had hitherto been his guardian, instructress and guide, by announcing his intention of taking a trip to America, in order, as he said, to see something of the world.

The good old lady begged and implored of him to do nothing so rash. She pointed out the snares and dangers that would, inevitably, beset the path of one so young and inexperienced; and, what was of more importance in the eyes of the aristocratic dame, the fact that he would have to meet and associate with persons of low birth and vulgar habits. But Algernon Horace was inflexible in his resolution.

He met his aunt's arguments with the counter one, that, if he was young and inexperienced, the sooner he saw something of life, and gained experience, the better it would

be for him. As to his associates, he would be at liberty to choose them; and he felt sure that he could trust to his hereditary instincts to protect him in his choice. Finally, he put an end to all arguments by purchasing his ticket, and making his somewhat elaborate preparations for the journey.

The poor old lady, realizing that her control over him was forever gone, solaced herself by writing a letter to the company on whose ship her nephew was about to sail, begging of them to instruct the captain to keep his eye on the youth; not to allow him to climb up the rigging; and, above all things, to see that his sheets were properly aired.

The day of sailing saw Algernon Horace on the deck of the steamer, faultlessly arrayed, as he fondly imagined, in a yachting costume.

At first he held himself aloof from his fellow-passengers, fearing lest he should be drawn into companionship with one of the numerous commercial travellers, who, he had been told, crossed the ocean in great numbers, and of whom he had an ignorant, but truly aristocratic, horror.

It is true he had never met one of these gentlemen in his life, but he had read and heard about them.

For the first day at sea, as we have said, he kept studiously aloof from his fellow-passengers. But on the second day out he drifted into the ship's smoking-room, and was particularly struck by the jolly, devil-may-care manner and appearance of a group of men who were playing, what was to him, an unknown game of cards, and solacing themselves with unlimited drinks and innumerable cigars. There was something about them so new, so fresh, to the homestayng youth, that he began to weave all sorts of fancies concerning them in his brain.

For the most part they wore peaked, blue cloth, yachting caps, stuck on anyhow, except hind part in front. They seemed to know all about the ship; the probable distance of the day's run; what the weather was likely to be; and they spoke with easy familiarity of the "rolling forties," the "devil's hole," the gulf stream, icebergs, and other nautical phenomena; and, above all, he noticed that the smok-

ing-room steward treated them with marked deference and attention. They were not exactly gentlemen, according to his standard; but, in his opinion, they were certainly not that much to be dreaded and avoided class, commercial travellers. The commercial traveller that Algernon Horace had pictured to himself was an over-dressed, oily haired, loud tongued individual, who could talk of nothing but trade and money, and things that he had been taught to look down upon and despise. These men did neither. There was nothing remarkable about their dress, except their sailor caps, which caused him to imagine that they were, in some way, a part of the ship's company, and their conversation at cards was almost monosyllabic, consisting, for the most part, in such expressions as "raise you," "see you," "full hand," all of which was far more unintelligible than Greek to the callow youth. But not a word about that obnoxious "trade" did he ever hear.

This company, then, Mr. Algernon Horace D'Ardine decided, after mature deliberation, to favour with his august presence. A question as to what game they were playing, and an expressed desire to learn it was quite sufficient introduction; and Algernon Horace was duly initiated into the mystery of poker,



THE YOUNG IDEA.

WILLIE SAINTLY.—Aunt Susan doesn't go to our church, and when I was visiting her I didn't say my prayers.

THE REV. DR. SAINTLY.—What difference does that make, my son? Don't you know that God is everywhere?

WILLIE SAINTLY.—I thought by the way you talked that we had a monopoly of Him.

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and learned to lose his money, drink Scotch whiskey, and smoke cigars like, as his newly-found friends called it, "a little man."

Now, it happened on a certain day that Algernon Horace, having, perhaps, imbibed more Scotch whiskey than had been his custom while under his aunt's tender care, confided to one of his newly-found friends his horror of commercial travellers and low people generally, and expressed his satisfaction at having fallen into the company of men who had evidently nothing to do with trade; but who were, as he understood, in some way connected with the ship.

"Quite right," answered his companion. "Does credit to your powers of observation. We are what is called the 'Supernumerary Watch.' See? Anything goes wrong with the captain, one of us steps in. First officer falls overboard, and is drowned, another takes his place, and so on. These big ships are all compelled to carry us—Board of Trade regulation, you know. As to commercial travellers, there are plenty of them aboard, but they know their place and keep it. There is one of them," he continued, pointing to a clean shaven, quietly dressed, but rather pompous individual, who chanced to be a baronet travelling incog; "And there's another," indicating a well-known author and journalist.

Algernon Horace was perfectly satisfied.

It is needless to say that the other members of the "Supernumerary Watch" were duly informed of this conversation, and they grasped the situation and took their cue with remarkable aptness.

"Awful nuisance," remarked one of them, some time after, in Algernon's hearing, "first officer thinks he is ill, and wants me to take his watch to-night."

The others sympathized, and Algernon felt that quiet elation which comes to those who find that their judgment is not at fault.

Things went very smoothly until, on the eighth day, Sandy Hook appeared in sight.

Algernon had learned to play poker, to drink whiskey, to smoke cigars, and even to listen to questionable stories without blushing, and imagined that he was becoming a true man of the world, and that he was gaining experience, as indeed he was.

And then came the end.

As they were steaming up New York harbour, some one suggested a parting drink; and when all the party were assembled, and the drinks had gone round several times, one of them, acting on a preconcerted plan, proposed the health of the gentleman who had honoured such plain "sea-dogs" as themselves with his company. The toast was drunk; and Algernon, slightly fuddled, found himself shaking hands with them, one after another, and bidding good-bye.

And as each shook his hand he presented a card, which Algernon pocketed, for they took care not to give him an opportunity of examining them at the time.

When they had all taken their departure, he sat down in his favourite corner and commenced to read the cards. He could scarcely believe his eyes, for here is what he read:

JOHN TABBS,

Representing

J. T. Cowarth & Co., Hardware.

—
L. SMITH,

Representing

F. Wallener & Co., Boots and Shoes.

—
And so on. Some were dry-goods, some cigars and tobacco, and one wag had written at the bottom of his card, "Dealers in Rags and Bones."

Just then the smoke-room steward came in. "Steward," gasped Algernon Horace, "who are those gentlemen with whom I have been associating all the way across?"

"Them, sir," answered the steward, cheerfully, "commercial gents, sir. Very pleasant company indeed, sir. Halways haffable and friendly, sir," thinking of recent tips he had received.

"Steward," groaned Algernon, "when does the next ship leave New York for England?"

"Cunard ship, to-morrow morning, sir."

And that ship took Algernon Horace back to the arms of his loving aunt, a sadder but a wiser youth.

S. Sheldrake.

A NEW SERIAL.

In the November number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE there will be commenced a powerful Serial Story by Joanna E. Wood, the brilliant Canadian novelist. Nothing cleverer than this tale has ever been penned by a Canadian writer of fiction. ♡

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